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# THE NEW YORKER

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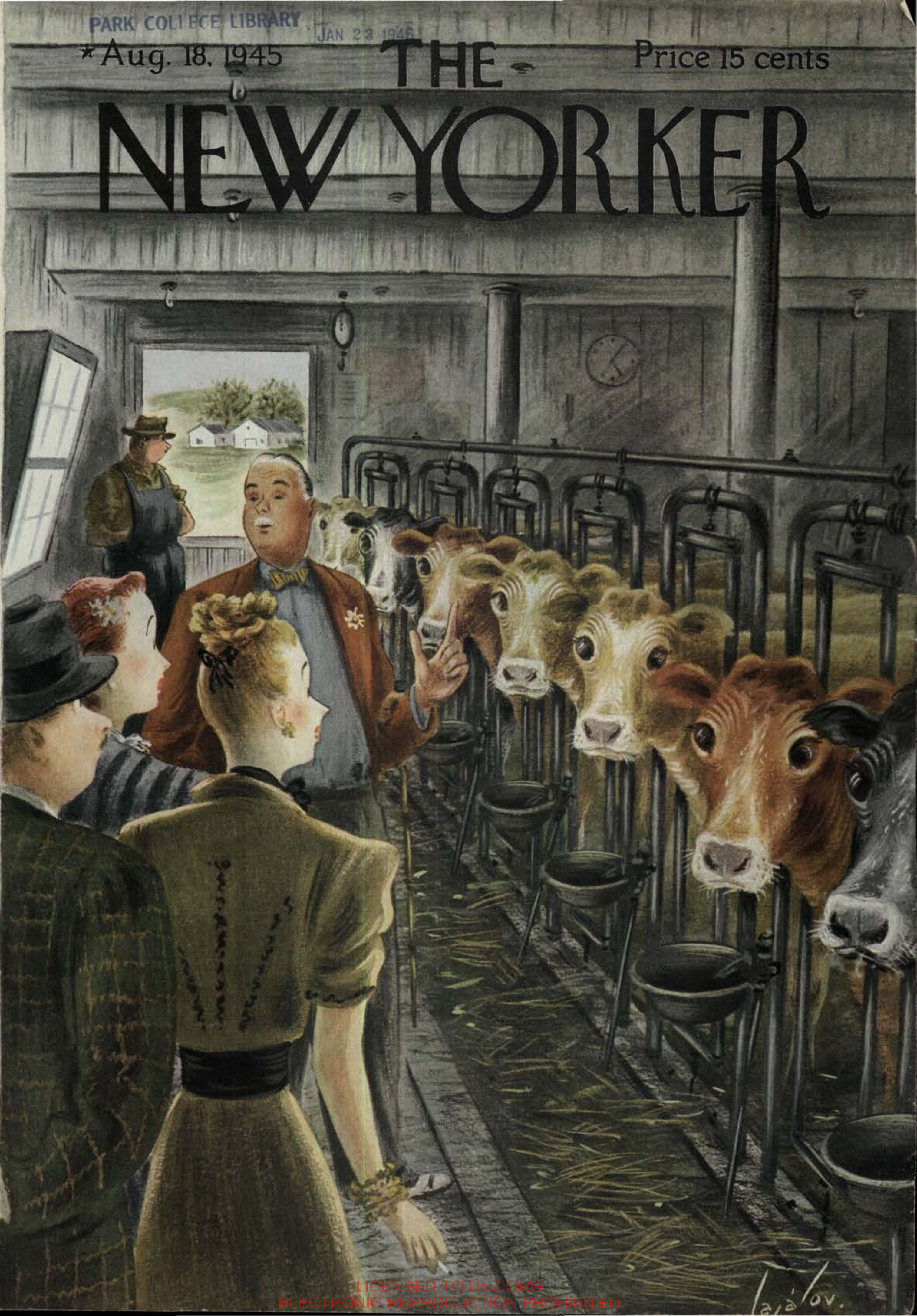

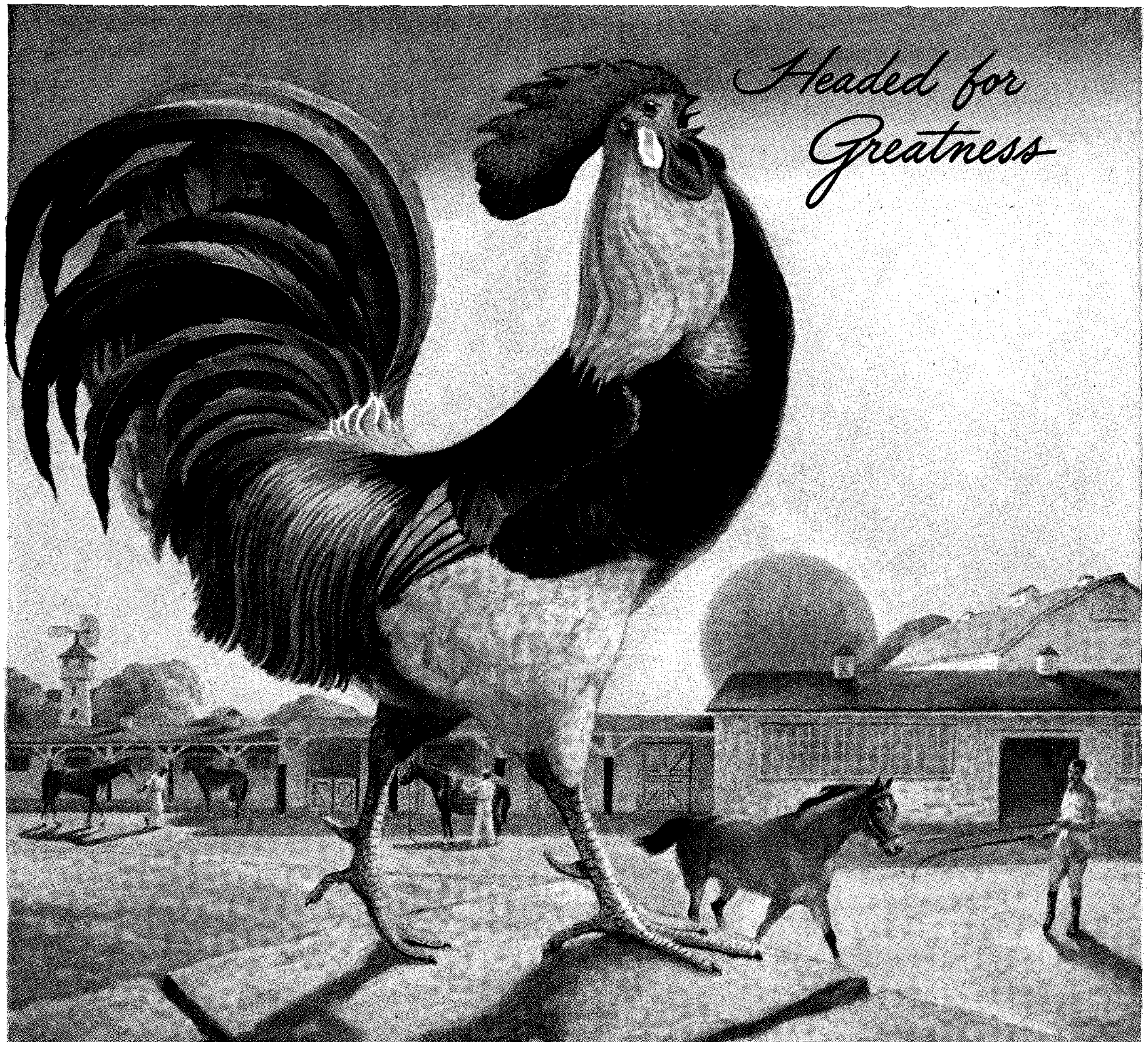
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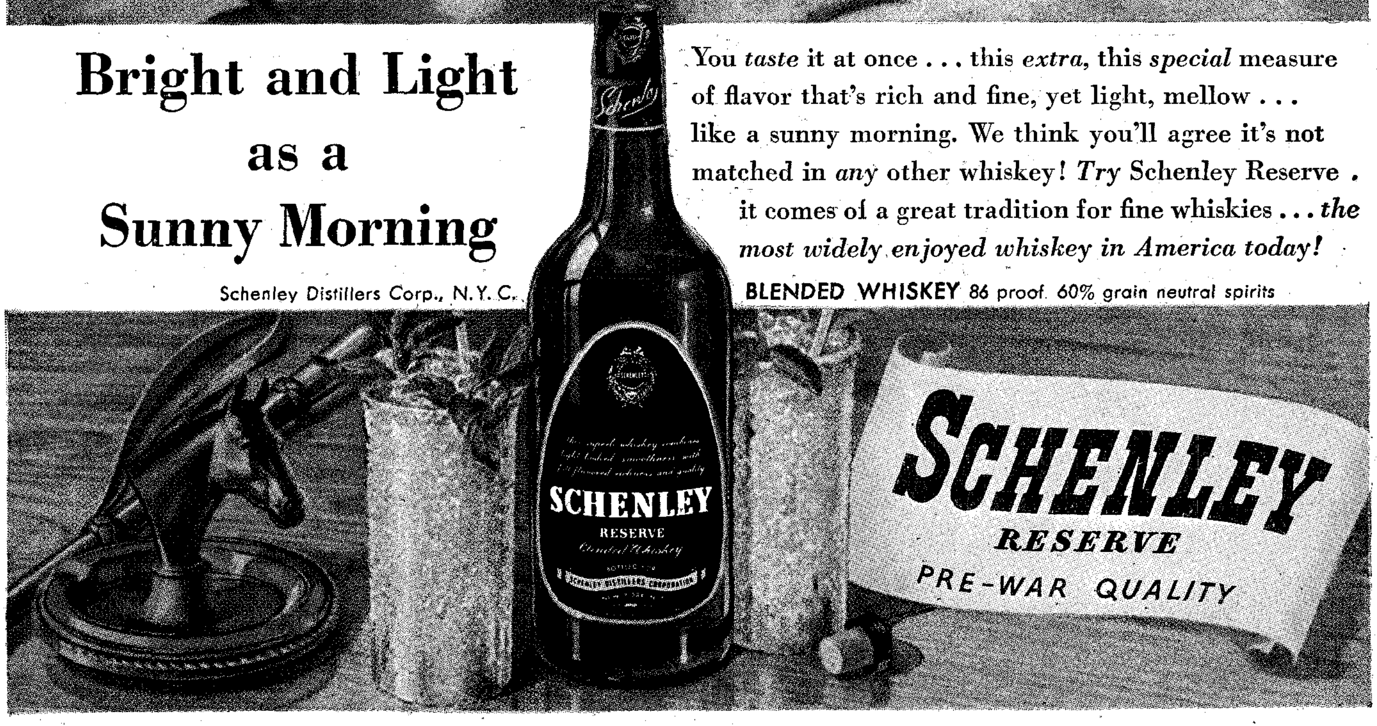
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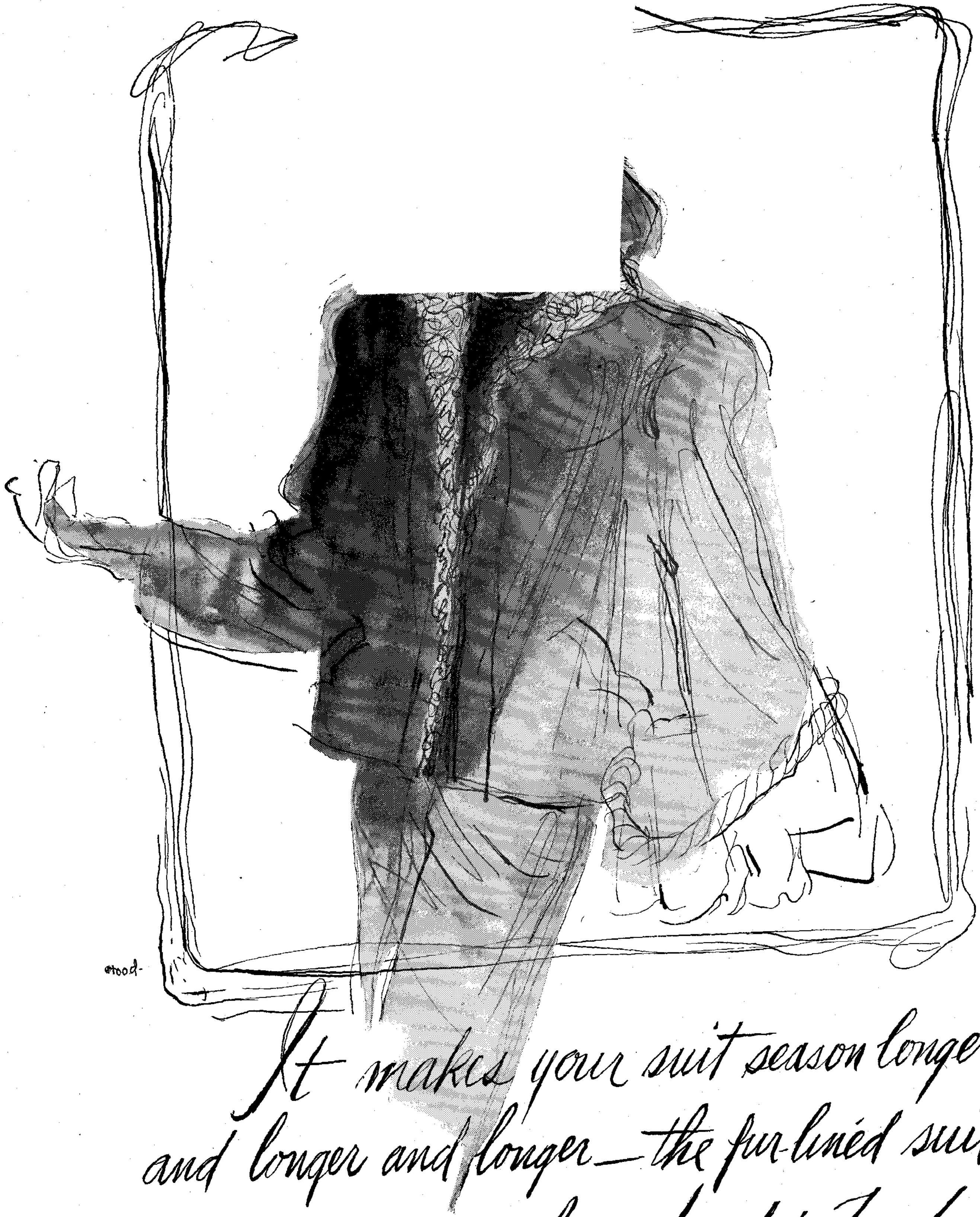

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# GOINC A T TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**Anna Lucasta**—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**A Bell for Adano**—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March makes up for the play's rather patronizing air with the best performance he ever gave. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Dark of the Moon**—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Dear Ruth**—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. With Augusta Dabney and Lenore Lonergan. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**The Glass Menagerie**—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Harvey**—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**I Remember Mama**—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Frances Heflin and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

**The Late George Apley**—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Life with Father**—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

### WITH MUSIC

**Bloomer Girl**—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Joan McCracken, Nanette Fabray, and Mabel Taliaferro, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Carousel**—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Follow the Girls**—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Marinka**—A summer entertainment based on the Mayerling story. The music is rather agreeable; the book is just a nuisance. With Joan Roberts, Harry Stockwell, Romo Vincent, and Luba Malina. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Oklahoma!**—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and produced by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 16,
THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 25.

**On the Town**—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

**Song of Norway**—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

**Up in Central Park**—Romberg songs, cheerful dances devised by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

### MISCELLANY

**Ice Show**—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

## DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed entirely or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

**Ambassador Garden,** Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, subterranean cavern.

**Biltmore Roof,** Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—This old favorite has at least one eye open again. Cardini (one of our more expert magicians), a dance team, and Henry King's orchestra. On Thurs., Aug. 23, Bob Grant's band replaces the King band.

**Café Society Downtown,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Imogene Coca making intelligent fun of almost anything, jazz piano by Cliff Jackson and Mary Lou Williams, and music by John Kirby's orchestra.

**El Morocco,** 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Where Joe D'Andrea's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band supply the music and the customers supply the scenery.

**Larue,** 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

**Monte Carlo,** Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Rustle, bustle, and hustle in the Hollywood manner. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

**Pierre,** 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Myrus, the ingenious mind-reader, a dance team, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room.... Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

**Plaza,** 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Jimmy Savo, coming completely apart every evening in the Persian Room. Garwood Van's orchestra is on the stand.... Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court.

**St. Regis Roof,** 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just about as peaceful and pleasant as nighttime on a rooftop can be. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

**Savoy-Plaza,** 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by the lush dance music of London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

**Stork Club,** 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A handy refuge for the eternal sophomore and his young lady. Eric Correa's orchestra and Alberto Linno's rumba band are on hand at night.

**Waldorf-Astoria,** Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Jane Pickens singing (with gestures) at suppertime on the Starlight Roof. George Olsen's orchestra provides dance music through the evening and Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates with it at supper.... Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

**Miscellaneous**—At the **coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting.... **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing.... **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra.... **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Carter and Bowie dispensing their special brand of piano duets, and now and then Spivy herself, singing about her special brand of world-weariness; no dancing. ... **versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a retrospective show, made up of bits of eight million earlier Versailles shows, with Dick Smart and a collection of delectable if incoherent girls; Joe Ricardel's orchestra.... **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): semi-Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band.... **copacabana,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): the conventional Copacabana show, which at the moment includes Mitzi Green. Joel Herron's orchestra.... **astor roof,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Gene Krupa and his orchestra on this large, cool rooftop, playing for what look very much like jitterbugs.... **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra.... **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Chuck Foster's orchestra and an ice show.... **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Woody Herman's orchestra.... **roosevelt,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's orchestra.

Warm-weather note: Over in Brooklyn, the Marine Roof of the **bossert,** Montague and Hicks Sts. (MA 4-8100), with its open-air deck and that colossal view of the harbor, now has supper dancing Fri. and Sat.

•

**Mostly for Music**—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **nick's,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and their helpmeets scorching the midnight air. ... **village vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a small but comfortable cave, equipped with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 27, August 18, 1945. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1945, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

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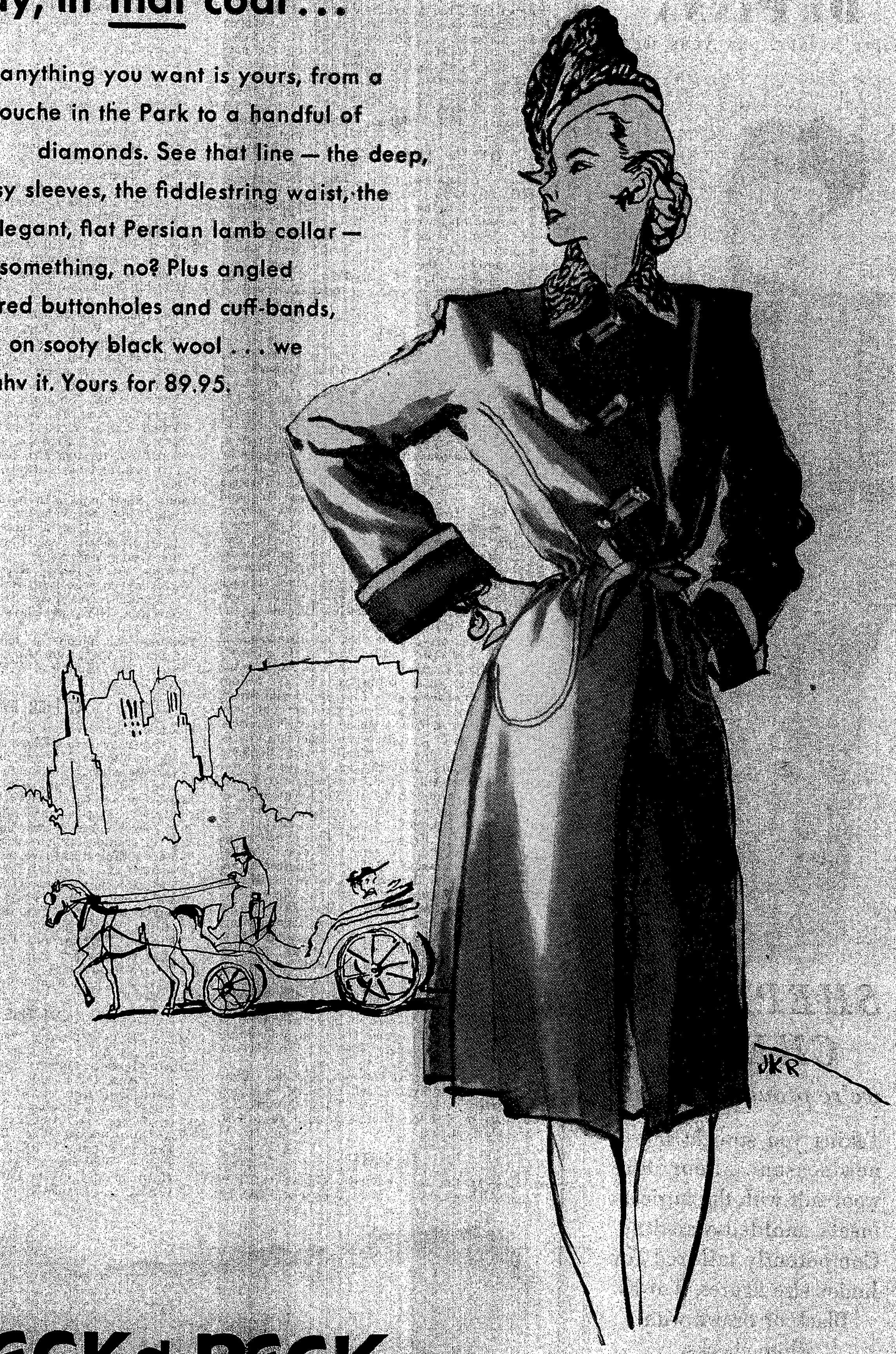

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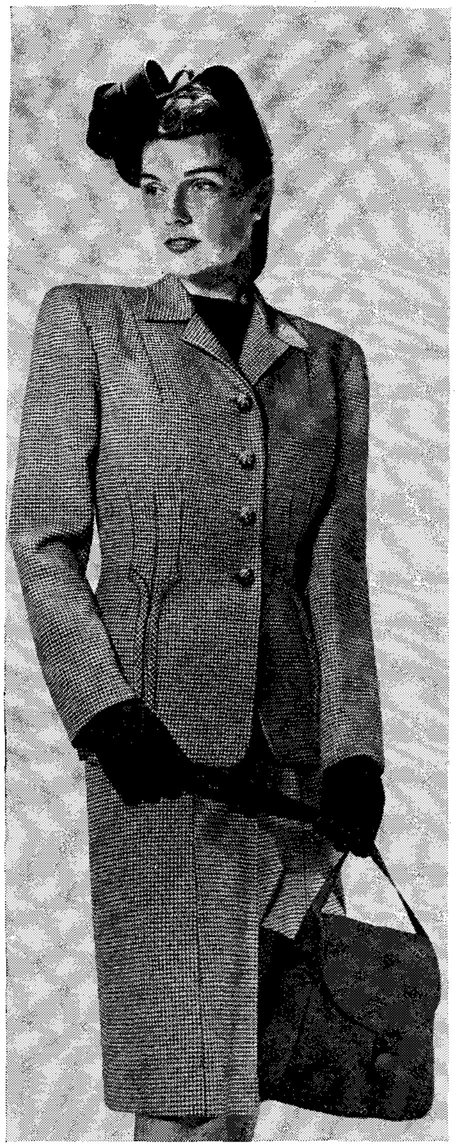

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 25.

trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; also, Don Frye as solo pianist and the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): the stertorous Hot Lips Page leading his new band, and Stuff Smith at work on his electric violin. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Benny Morton trying out his new squad of sharpshooters; also, Al Casey and his new trio, and the moody Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.

**AL FRESCO**—The **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): just for the fine view of the Hudson; dance music by a couple of small orchestras. . . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Pk. W. at 67 (RH 4-4700): a small green jungle, pleasant for a summer dinner outdoors, with casual dance music now and then.

A few sidewalk cafés: **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8; **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9; **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

## ART

**GROUPS**—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57: sixty water colors and drawings from the Maritime Union's art classes. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Aug. 25. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: new paintings by members of the gallery's group; also, a few nineteenth-century works. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57: paintings by twenty-four artists who have had their first one-man shows here. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M..; through Fri., Aug. 17. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: oils and water colors from Thomas Eakins to the present. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **KOOTZ**, 15 E. 57: the gallery's group, including such artists as William Baziotes, Fernand Léger, and Byron Browne. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57: a summer show by Louis Bouché, Russell Cowles, Iver Rose, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: a seasonal retrospective show by the gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: Sidney Laufman, Maurice Sterne, Leon Kroll, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 15. . . . **O'CONNOR**, 640 Madison, at 59: a miscellaneous group of European and American artists, including Velásquez, Ghislandi, Rosa Bonheur, and George Luks. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57: painting and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 31. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: American, French, and Cuban paintings. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 8. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, 5 Ave. at 82—The development of Greek art, with examples from the museum's Greek collection; also, prints and drawings by Goya; and (through Sept. 3), paintings and drawings of the war in the Pacific. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53—Fourteen paintings by van Gogh, owned by the artist's nephew (through Aug. 26); also, a large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of paintings and sculpture (through Nov. 4). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

**MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING**, 24 E. 54—Paintings by Kandinsky, as well as work by a good many other modern artists. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 15.

## SPORTS

**BASEBALL**—At the **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs., Aug. 16, at 8:45 P.M., and Fri. and Sat., Aug. 17-18, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Chicago, Sun., Aug. 19 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M., Mon., Aug. 20, at 8:45 P.M., and Tues., Aug. 21, at 2:30 P.M.; Giants vs. Dodgers, Thurs., Aug. 23, at 8:45 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 24-25, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. Chicago, through Sat., Aug. 18, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Sun., Aug. 19 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M., and Mon. and Tues., Aug. 20-21, at 2:30 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Giants, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 24-25, at 2:30 P.M.

**BOXING**—Madison Square Garden—Johnny Greco vs. Tony Janiro, welterweights, 8 rounds, Fri., Aug. 17; Freddie Cochrane vs. Rocky Graziano, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Aug. 24. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

**GOLF**—L.I.G.A. Mixed Foursomes Championship, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L.I., Thurs., Aug. 16. . . . Metropolitan G.A. Amateur Championship Finals, Garden City G.C., Garden City, L.I., Sun., Aug. 19. . . . L.I.G.A. Father and Son Championship, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, L.I., Wed., Aug. 22. . . . L.I.G.A. Junior Championship, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, L.I., Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 23-24.

**RACING**—Saratoga meet at Belmont, weekdays at 1:15 P.M., through Sept. 1. (Alabama Stakes, Aug. 16; the Saratoga Special, and Saratoga Handicap, Aug. 18; Spinaway Stakes, Aug. 23; Grand Union Hotel Stakes, and the Saratoga Cup, Aug. 25.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 12:49 P.M.

**TENNIS**—Southampton Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I., starting Mon., Aug. 20. . . . East Hampton Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I., starting Wed., Aug. 22.

**TROTTING**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., weekdays at 8:40 P.M., through Sept. 22. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M. . . . Saratoga, N.Y., weekdays at 8:15 P.M., through Aug. 25.)

**YACHTING**—Championship regattas on the Sound: Stamford Y.C., Sun., Aug. 19, at about 2 P.M. . . . Star Class, Stamford Y.C., Sun. through Sat., Aug. 19-25.

## OTHER EVENTS

**HOUSING**—Scale models and plans of modern homes designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and other leading architects: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

**MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK**, 5 Ave. at 104—Prints and other memorabilia showing the work of John Stephenson, who built some of New York's early omnibuses, horsecars, subway trains, and other rolling stock; also, the history of New York's police force, shown in documents, photographs, and uniform equipment: Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

**PLANETARIUM**—"A Trip to the Moon" is the title of the August lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

## ON THE AIR

**MUSIC**—Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., Aug. 18 and 25, at 5 P.M., WJZ.

**SPORTS**—Boxing: Johnny Greco vs. Tony Janiro, Fri., Aug. 17; Freddie Cochrane vs. Rocky Graziano, Fri., Aug. 24; at 10 P.M., WOR. . . . Racing: Saratoga Handicap, Sat., Aug. 18; the Saratoga Cup, Sat., Aug. 25; at 4:15 P.M., WEAF.

**NEWS COMMENTATORS**—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Wed. at 10:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat.

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at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from Europe), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Sat. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11.15 P.M., WEAF. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

### MOTION PICTURES

**ALONG CAME JONES**—A burlesque Western that is periodically pretty diverting. With Gary Cooper, Loretta Young, and Dan Duryea. (Palace, B'way at 47.)

**JUNIOR MISS**—Peggy Ann Garner in a very engaging screen version of the play by Sally Benson, Jerome Chodorov, and Joseph Fields. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Fri., Aug. 24.)

**RHAPSODY IN BLUE**—This musical biography of George Gershwin contains all the songs from "Swanee" to "Porgy and Bess," but the story was largely made up in Hollywood. It is also slightly confused by the fact that some characters, like Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, and Al Jolson, are played by themselves. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

**THE WAY AHEAD**—Excellent British import about how a group of young British civilians were conditioned for the army. With David Niven. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. and Sat., Aug. 17-18. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Mon., Aug. 20.)

**WONDER MAN**—Danny Kaye as twins in a stylish ghost story with incidental music. Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, and Allen Jenkins are in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

### REVIVALS

**THE BAKER'S WIFE** (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Wed., Aug. 22.)

**CHAPAYEV** (1935)—Russian melodrama about a minor revolutionary hero. In Russian. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., Aug. 21.)

**THE GARDEN OF ALLAH** (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 21-23.)

**GO WEST** (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 19-20.)

**HERE COMES MR. JORDAN** (1941)—About a prize-fighter who gets mixed up with the hereafter. Robert Montgomery, Claude Rains, and James Gleason. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Aug. 16. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 17-20. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., Aug. 19-21. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 21-23.)

**THE IMPATIENT YEARS** (1944)—Comedy about a hasty war marriage. Jean Arthur, Lee Bowman, and Charles Coburn. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 19-20.)

**MAYERLING** (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Wed., Aug. 22.)

**PÉPÉ LE MOKO** (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. With Jean Gabin. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., Aug. 21.)

**THE SONG OF BERNADETTE** (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 16.)

**THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC** (1939)—Now called "Ragged Angels." Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. and Mon., Aug. 19-20.)

**THE 39 STEPS** (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 21-23.)

**THUNDER ROCK** (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 17-19.)

**TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT** (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; starting Wed., Aug. 22.)

**NOTE**—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., AUG. 16: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), with Greta Garbo. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., AUG. 17-19: "Wild Boys of the Road" (1933), directed by William Wellman. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., AUG. 20-23: "Emil und die Detektive" (1933), German film. . . . FROM FRI., AUG. 24: "A Nous la Liberté" (1932), with Henri Marchand.

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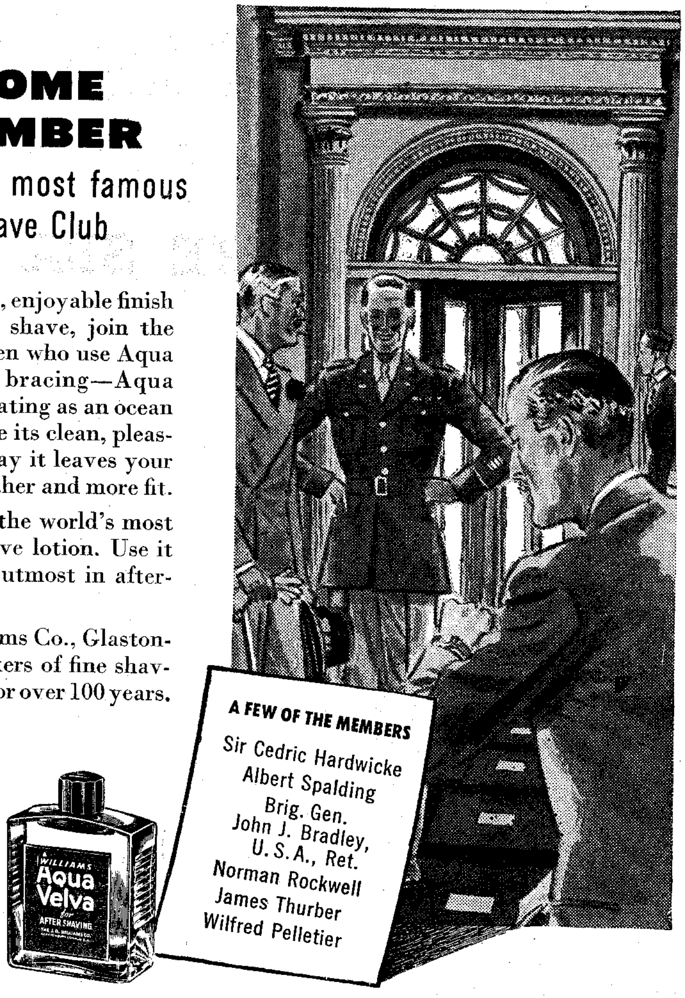
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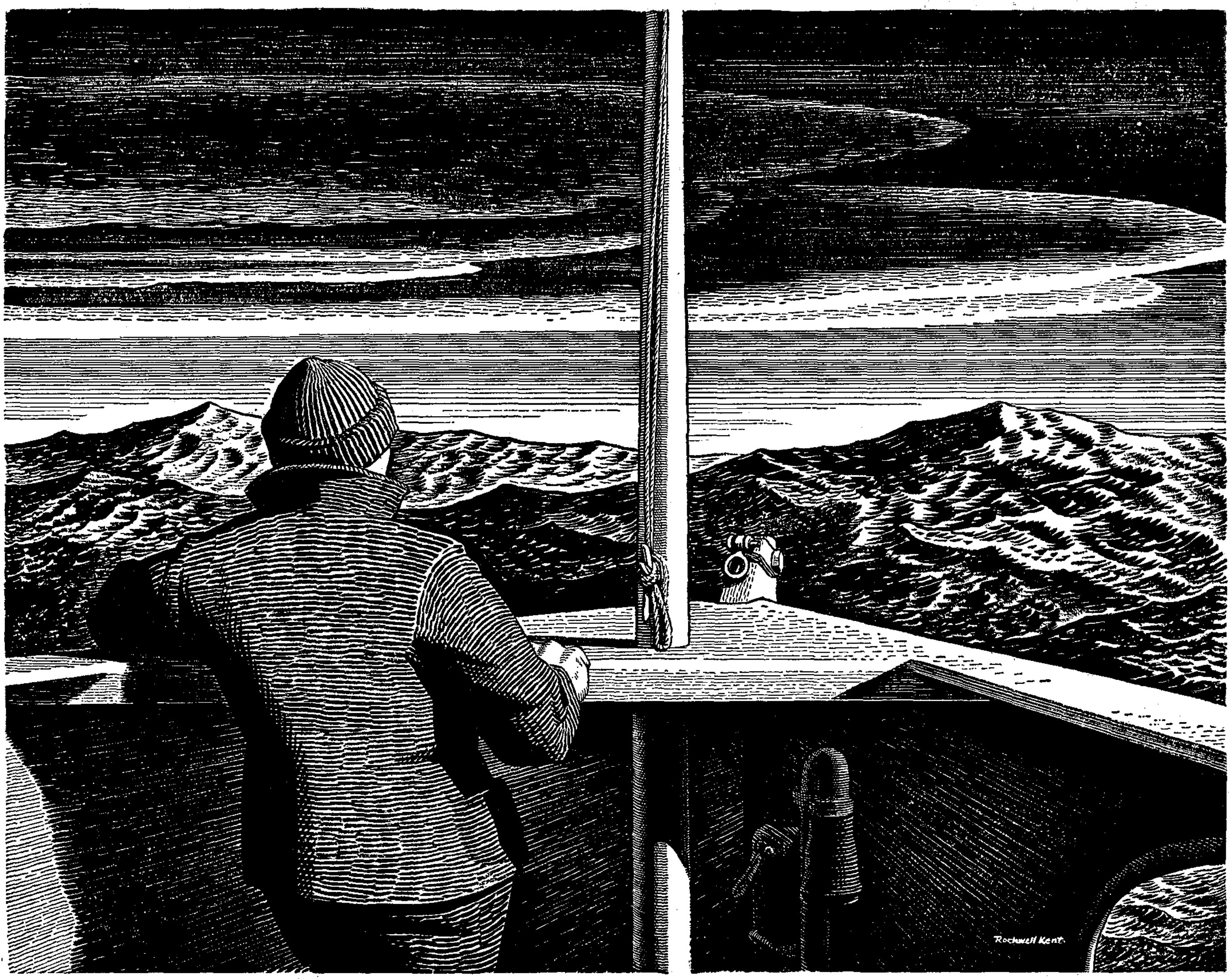

BOW LOOKOUT, BY ROCKWELL KENT, FOR THE AMERICAN EXPORT LINES COLLECTION

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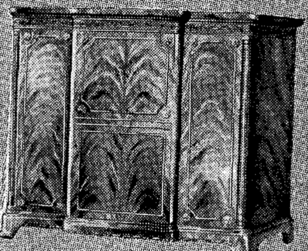

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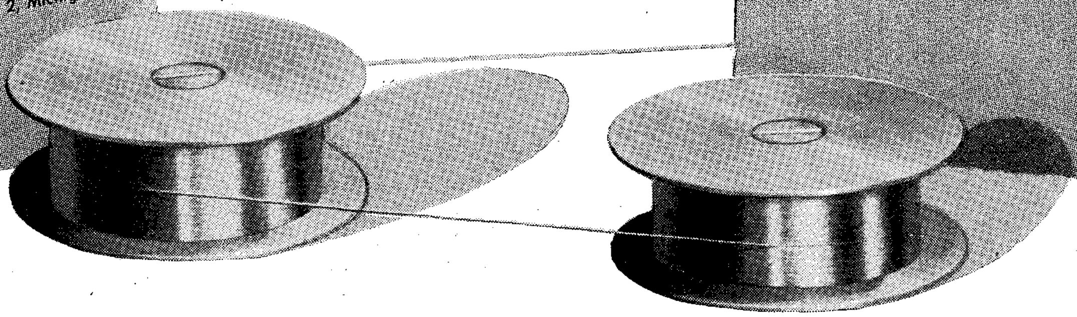

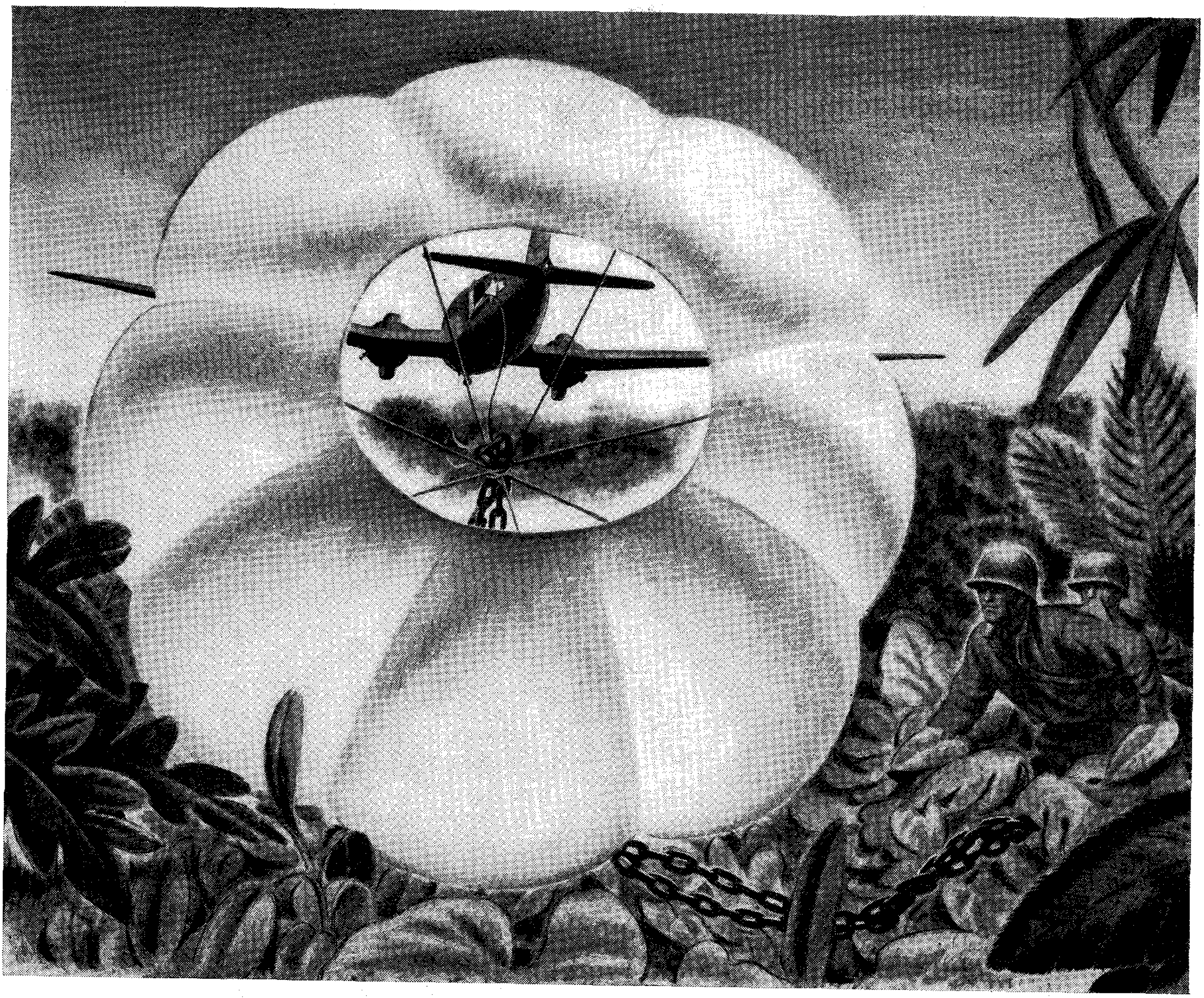

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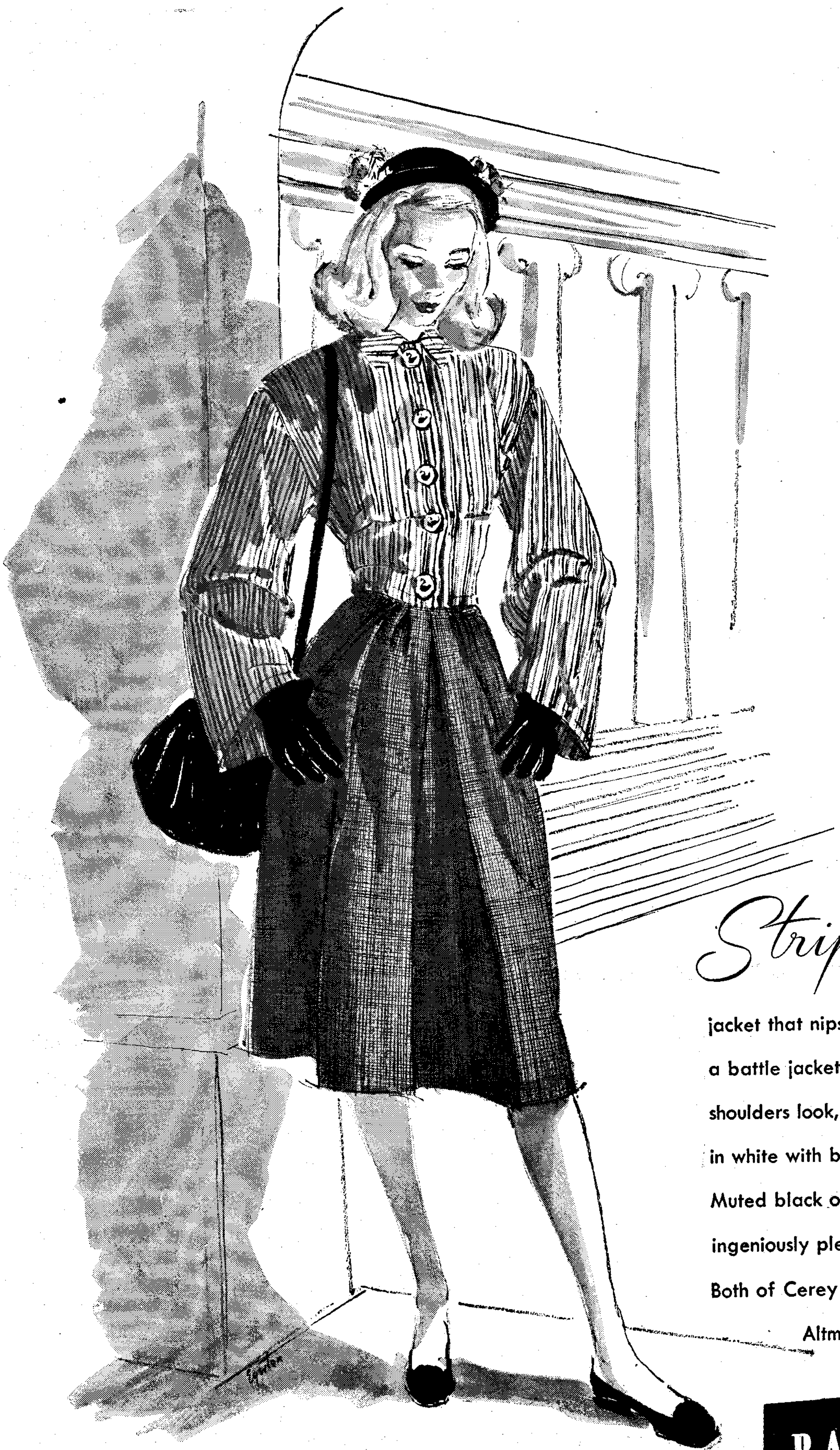

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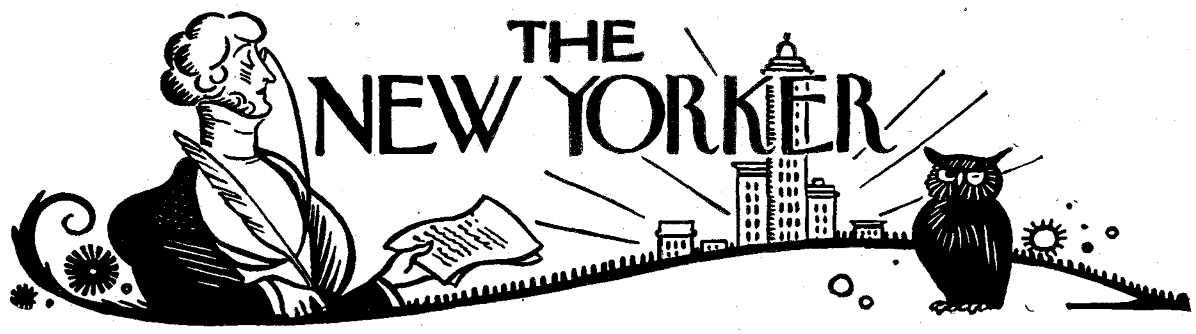


# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

WE were in the kitchen putting up string beans when the news came that Japan was trying to surrender. It was a warm, bright morning and our little old-fashioned Sears Roebuck Kook-Kwick Canner was boiling cheerfully along under ten pounds' pressure. With a pot holder in each hand, we had settled down for a thirty-five-minute tour of duty, solemnly vowing that whether Japan quit or not we would keep at least one household in the American homeland from blowing up.

Tending a pressure canner is man's work, not because men understand steam gauges any better than women do or because they can endure heat more easily but because a man finds it impossible to keep his hands off anything that seems to call for special knowledge and because he is drawn toward any infernal machine. The radio was going under its own head of steam in the dining room, and two commentators, ad-libbing, were quarrelling loudly over the prerogatives of the Emperor. Their voices filled the air and made the kitchen operation seem more desperate. With our eye glued to the gauge, as we now and again shifted the canner toward or away from the hot part of the stove to keep the pressure from fluctuating, we were thinking how out-of-date we were, canning beans instead of freezing them. Just then a small female relative of ours who was born during the Civil War came through the kitchen and paused to survey the awesome scene with an amused and friendly gaze. "It's always like this putting things up!" she shouted. "Preserving always coincides with some great event. I remember making currant jelly one sizzling Fourth of July, giant firecrackers exploding all up and down the block, and the kitchen about a hundred degrees. And now you've got this stove all whooped up while they're trying to finish off Japan with those awful bombs. I never knew it to fail. Human beings don't change. And thank God for that."

DURING our vigil with the beans, we thought back over the whole long war, trying to remember the terrible distances and the terrible decisions, the setbacks, the filth and the horror, the bugs, the open wounds, the fellows on the flight decks and on the beaches and in the huts and holes, the resolution and the extra bravery—and all for what? Why, for liberty. "Liberty, the first of blessings, the aspiration of every human soul . . . every abridgment of it demands an excuse, and the only good excuse is the necessity of preserving it. Whatever tends to preserve this is right, all else is wrong." And we tried to imagine what it will mean to a soldier, having gone out to fight a war to preserve the world as he knew it, now to return to a world he never dreamt about, a world of atomic designs and portents. Some say this is the beginning of a great time of peace and plenty, because atomic energy is so fearsome no nation will dare unleash it. The argument is fragile. One nation (our own) has already dared take the atom off its leash, has dared crowd its luck, and not for the purpose of conquering the world, merely to preserve liberty.

IN England the other day a philosopher and a crystallographer held a debate. The question was whether a halt should be called on science. The discussion was academic, since there is no possibility of doing any such thing. Nevertheless, it was a nice debate. Professor Bernal, the crystallographer, argued that children should be allowed to play with dangerous toys in order that they may learn to use them properly. Joad, the philosopher, said no—science changes our environment faster than we have the ability to adjust ourselves to it.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a blind girl in Albuquerque, noticing a strange brightness in the room, looked up and said, "What was that?" A bomb had exploded a hundred and twenty miles away in the New Mexican desert. And people all over the world were soon to be adjusting themselves to their new environment. For the first time in our lives, we can feel the disturbing vibrations of complete human readjustment. Usually the vibrations are so faint as to go unnoticed. This time, they are so strong that even the ending of a war is overshadowed. Today it is not so much the fact of the end of a war which engages us. It is the limitless power of the victor. The quest for a substitute for God ended suddenly. The substitute turned up. And who do you suppose it was? It was man himself, stealing God's stuff.

WE have often complained on this page that the political plans for the new world, as shaped by statesmen, are not fantastic enough. We repeat the complaint. The only conceivable way to catch up with atomic energy is with political energy directed to a universal structure. The preparations made at San Francisco for a security league of sovereign nations to prevent aggression now seem like the preparations some little girls might make for a lawn party as a thunderhead gathers just beyond the garden gate. The lemonade will be spiked by lightning. The little girls will be dispersed.

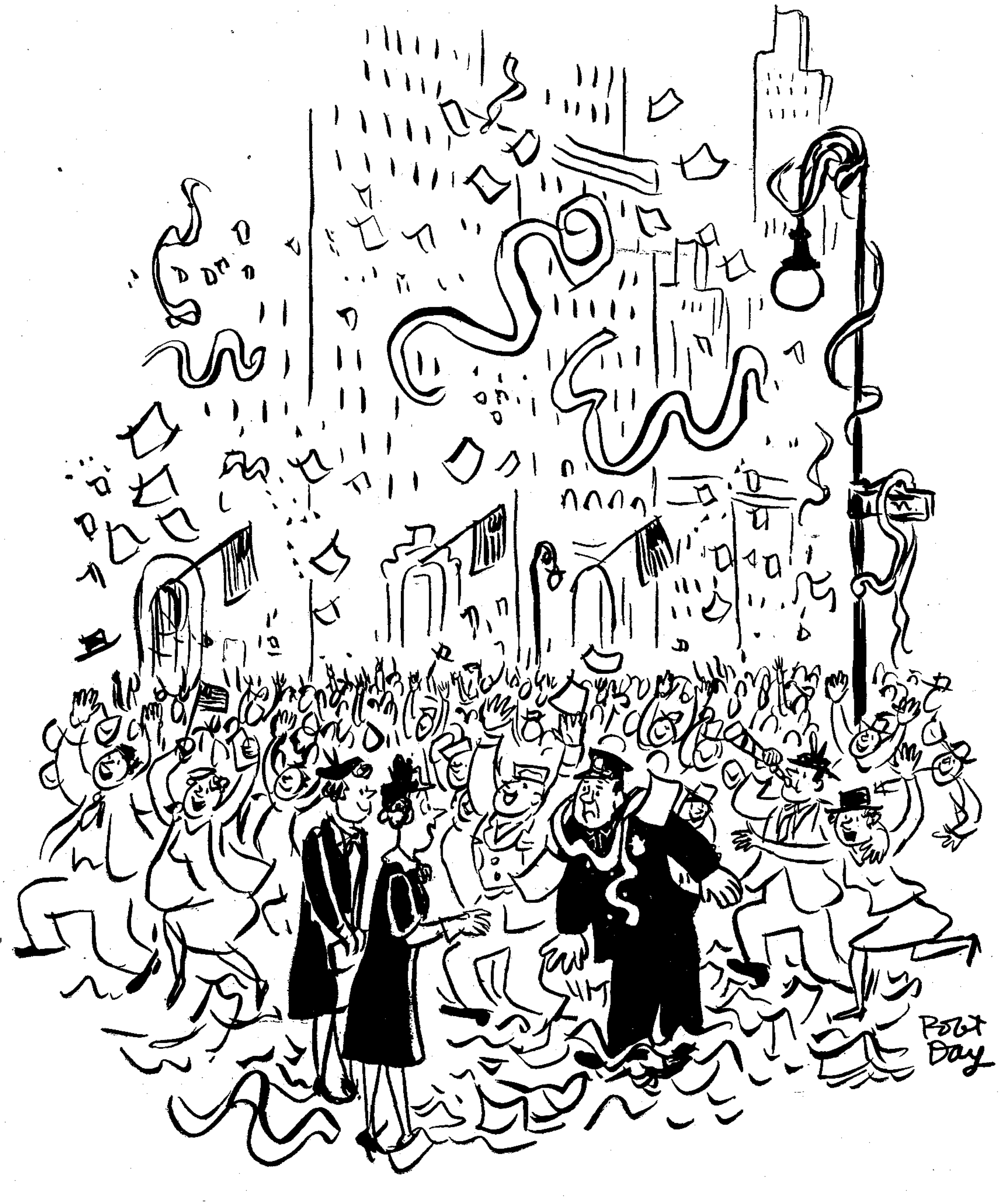
Nuclear energy and foreign policy cannot coexist on the planet. The more deep the secret, the greater the determination of every nation to discover and exploit it. Nuclear energy insists on global government, on law, on order, and on the willingness of the community to take the responsibility for the acts of the individual. And to what end? Why, for liberty, first of blessings. Soldier, we await you, and if the place looks unfamiliar, forgive us. We shall try to restore certain characteristics we all love. Please bear in mind that there is a brightness in the room. Even the blind can detect it.

### *Way of the Gods*

EXCEPT in a nostalgic poem or two, the Japanese haven't called their emperor the Mikado for hundreds of years. Mikado means "Honorable Door," which is roughly equivalent to calling President Truman Mr. White House. To the Japanese the emperor is Tenshi (Son of Heaven), Tenno (Heaven King), or, occasionally, Aramikami (Incarnate God). Up to 1872, it was improper for ordinary people to pronounce the name of the living emperor, and when they wrote it they were careful to leave a stroke out of each of the characters.

Each Japanese emperor chooses a name for his reign. Hirohito chose Showa, or Light and Peace. The first article of the Japanese constitution, adopted in 1890, says flatly, "The Empire of Japan shall be ruled over by emperors of the dynasty which has reigned in an unbroken line of descent for ages past." Occidental historians are inclined to credit an assist to concubines and adopted sons, but the idea that the dynasty is of sacred descent has such a hold on the Japanese that, though emperors have committed suicide, been put in prison, and assassinated, no one who is not of imperial blood has ever tried to grab the throne for himself.

The first emperor of the dynasty was a fellow named Jimmu Tenno, whose great-grandfather, Prince Rice-Plenty, was the last man to come down to Japan on a floating bridge from heaven. Rice-Plenty brought with him, presumably along with plenty of rice, three sacred treasures—an eight-sided mirror, a sword, and a stone necklace, which continue to be worshipped almost as enthusiastically as the emperor. Jimmu, the great-grandson, sailed from Kyushu, where the dynasty was founded, to the main Japanese island of Honshu, where he won a non-mechanized war with the help of an eight-handed crow and a kite with golden plumes sent down to him by his great-great-grandmother, the Sun Goddess Amateresu, who, despite her age, apparently took an active interest in current events. Some of the best people in Japan trace their ancestry back to that eight-handed crow.



*"Pardon me, is this celebration official?"*

Jimmu founded the Empire February 11, 660 B.C., on, we assume, a damp, drizzly day. February 11th is the most important holiday in Japan and recent emperors have spent it going from shrine to shrine in their palaces and worshipping about a hundred and twenty of their ancestors. These ancestors knew a good thing when they saw it, and the imperial family is said to be the richest family in the world. Upton Close once asked the palace business manager for an estimate of the Emperor's wealth. "No such question has ever been asked before," he was told. "The curiosity of Westerners who think so much of money must remain forever unappeased." Nevertheless, it is known that the imperial family owns all the forest lands in Japan, such non-taxable Tokio real estate as the sites of the Imperial Hotel and Imperial Theatre, and large blocks of shares in the more profitable corporations.

Though it is in the center of Tokio, the Emperor's palace manages, because of its triple moats and high walls crowned with cedars, to seem remote and slightly rural. The palace building dates from the eighteen-eighties. Occidentals who have been inside it are impressed chiefly by its simplicity. It is a sort of big bungalow, decorated with panelling and flowers instead of ornaments and pictures, and in the grounds around it are a nine-hole golf course, bridle paths,

"You remember Trixie, don't you, Freddie?"

• •

and a number of artificial lakes and pagodas. Foreign diplomats used to be invited to an annual cherry-picking party in the garden. Promptly at five-thirty, the Emperor, followed at ten paces by the Empress, would appear, silently greet each guest, and return to the palace. Then everyone would be handed a bamboo fishing rod and, after repeated warnings to stand perfectly still and not disturb the fish, repair for an hour to the balconies of small pavilions built over the lakes. No one ever caught much of anything.

Since no one may look down on the Emperor, there are no high buildings near the palace. No one may ride a white horse, because the Emperor rides one. Every house in Japan has a special niche called the Emperor's seat, where nothing but a work of art is ever placed; the dream of every family is, or should be, that the Emperor will someday walk in and sit down in the niche. When the fireflies appear in Kyushu every year, they are gathered up by the children on the island and sent to Tokio by plane to light up the palace grounds. This sounds like a pretty, if ineffectual, method of illumination, and it probably has given the Emperor no trouble. On the other hand, his clothes are always badly cut because no one is allowed to touch him, and the royal tailor must get his measurements from photographs.

Hirohito early in life abandoned a few old family traditions. Though none of his ancestors was ever supposed to touch the ground, he took to touching it. He married for love and arranged for his wife to sit on a level with him during the coronation ceremonies; as things turned out, she was pregnant and couldn't come. He insisted on going abroad after the last war and allowed himself to be photographed by newsreels during the trip. He adopted the policy of speaking to his advisers without hiding behind a screen. He went to plays and looked straight at the stage instead of turning his profile to it, as his ancestors had done. He took up golf, and once played nine holes with the Prince of Wales. Since it was unthinkable for either one to have won, the score card was torn up after the game. Eleven-year-old Crown Prince Akihito seems to prefer baseball to golf.

### Fateful Night

IT was cold and windy on the night of January 25, 1939, when Dr. John R. Dunning, the physicist, split the uranium atom at Columbia University and realized that it was possible to release atomic energy. A gale was ripping across the Hudson and rattling the bare vines on the walls of the university buildings. That morning, students taking their mid-year examinations had moved in and out of the Pupin Physics Laboratories, heavily muffled, concern [illegible] about their fate in Physics 21 [illegible] modynamics) and other such [illegible] That morning, too, Dr. Enri [illegible] his colleague, had called on [illegible] ning in his office on the first [illegible] the two had gossiped of [illegible] scientists. An instructor ha [illegible] turned from Princeton with the news that physicists there were talking about a report brought from Europe by the Danish physicist, Dr. Niels Bohr. Before sailing, Dr. Bohr had heard that, in Berlin, Dr. Otto Hahn had discovered barium and apparently other elements of a medium atomic weight in the debris of uranium disintegrated by neutron rays from radioactive material. Dr. Hahn was quoted as having said, "As a chemist, I recognize barium when I see it. As a physicist, I don't know what this means." What it meant was that the heaviest of elements had been split into elements of lighter weight, with a consequent release of atomic energy. That sounds simple enough now, after six years and two billion dollars. At that time it was a completely new hint as to the structure of matter.

Dunning and Fermi were deeply interested in the question of atomic energy. They had a machine that would measure such energy, and they discussed the question of whether liquid, solid, or gaseous uranium would be best to experiment with. They went to lunch at the Faculty Club and continued to talk [illegible] They hadn't made up their [illegible] en Dr. Fermi had to leave to [illegible] in for Washington, where he [illegible] ttend a scientific conference. [illegible] spent the afternoon in his office [illegible] lering the question. He had ar- [illegible] no conclusion when he went [illegible] the wind at six o'clock. He dined with his wife in their apartment, on Claremont Avenue. Toward the end of the meal he decided that solid uranium would be best. He went back, through the wind, to his office. He left his hat and coat there and then went to the research laboratory in the basement. It was a little after seven o'clock. He started preparing his machine, which is fairly simple, as we will describe it: it consists of a holder for radioactive bombarding material, a chamber for the substance to be bombarded, and an indicator called an oscilloscope, which registers on a screen by dots and lines the amount of energy given off by whatever substance is under fire. (Ordinary radioactive rays given off by uranium not under bombardment cause only dots.) Dr. Dunning put a thin sheet of solid uranium in the chamber and a beryllium-radium mixture in the holder for the radioactive agent, and, after checking things over, was ready to start. Two other scientists were in the laboratory—Drs. Eugene T. Booth of Columbia and F. G. Slack of Vanderbilt University. They wore long white coats, because they were busy cleaning an apparatus used in some experiments they had been making in nuclear physics. Dunning wore a plain brown suit. All three men felt that the experiment Dunning was about to make would fail. However, as he moved the radium holder to the proper position for bombardment, great wavy green lines showed up on the screen of the oscilloscope, almost seeming to leap off the surface. Dunning had never seen such a thing before, nor had any other scientist on the face of the earth. "God!" he said. "This looks like the real thing." Booth and Slack came over to his apparatus and both grew highly excited when they saw the amazing lines. Then Dunning became skeptical. He said there might be something wrong with the machine. Booth and Slack argued with him. "You've worked this machine for months!" Booth shouted. "You *know* it's right." "It's *never* failed you!" cried Slack. To test the apparatus, the three men decided to insert a sheet of cadmium in the path of the rays. Cadmium is heavily resistant to neutron rays. When they shot the rays at it, there were practically no lines on the oscilloscope screen. The men mac every other test they coul think of, and by nine o'cloc Dunning agreed, in awe, tha the release of atomic energy was almost certainly a reality.

The three men pledged the secrecy off the campus until oth bers of the faculty had had an opportunity to corroborate what they had seen. Dunning went back to his office alone and, as the gale howled outside, spent nearly three hours making an estimate of the force of the energy he had succeeded in releasing from a single atom of uranium. His conclusion was that that night he had released between a hundred and twenty and two hundred million volts of energy. Man had never known any force like that before. (When a carbon atom in coal or petroleum changes form through the process of burning, it releases from one to five volts of energy.) A few minutes before midnight, Dr. Dunning put aside his calculations and went home, leaning soberly against the wind.

## *Gags Away*

AGAINST the possibility that this page will be microfilmed and filed in an air-conditioned vault by the National Archives for the benefit of future social historians, we record a sampling of gags activated in local radio and night-club circles by the dropping of the world's first combat atomic bombs. One Broadway hot-spot wag observed that the Japanese were suffering from atomic ache. A C.B.S. press representative is credited with telling another C.B.S. press representative that the atomizer would put radio where it belonged. This approach was also the happy coincidental inspiration of Mr. Harry Hershfield, who, as one of the "jokesperts" in a WOR radio show called "Can You Top This?," ad-libbed of the bomb, "Why not call it an aerial atomizer?" Mr. Hershfield's jest was uncorked toward the end of a dialogue punctuated earlier by another Hershfield mot: "Speaking of women, it took a woman to discover this tremendous explosion." Joe Laurie, Jr., another jokespert, was right back at him with "Oh, you mean Atom and Eve," and Senator Ford, still another you-know, was right on top of them both with "They should call that bomb Up and Atom; when it blew up and the smoke cleared away, the Russians were at 'em." The object of the WOR program is for each jokespert to try to top the witticism of the preceding jokespert, and you can see what a crescendo was achieved.

Bob Hall, known as "That Extemporaneous Chap," at the Diamond Horseshoe, was, we are told, the first night- rtainer to work news of the nto his routine, with the following improvised lyric:

Atomic, Atomic, it had to be,
But just what it is is a mystery;
For years they've heard it,
Atom they knew
Not until today
Did they realize
What it could do.

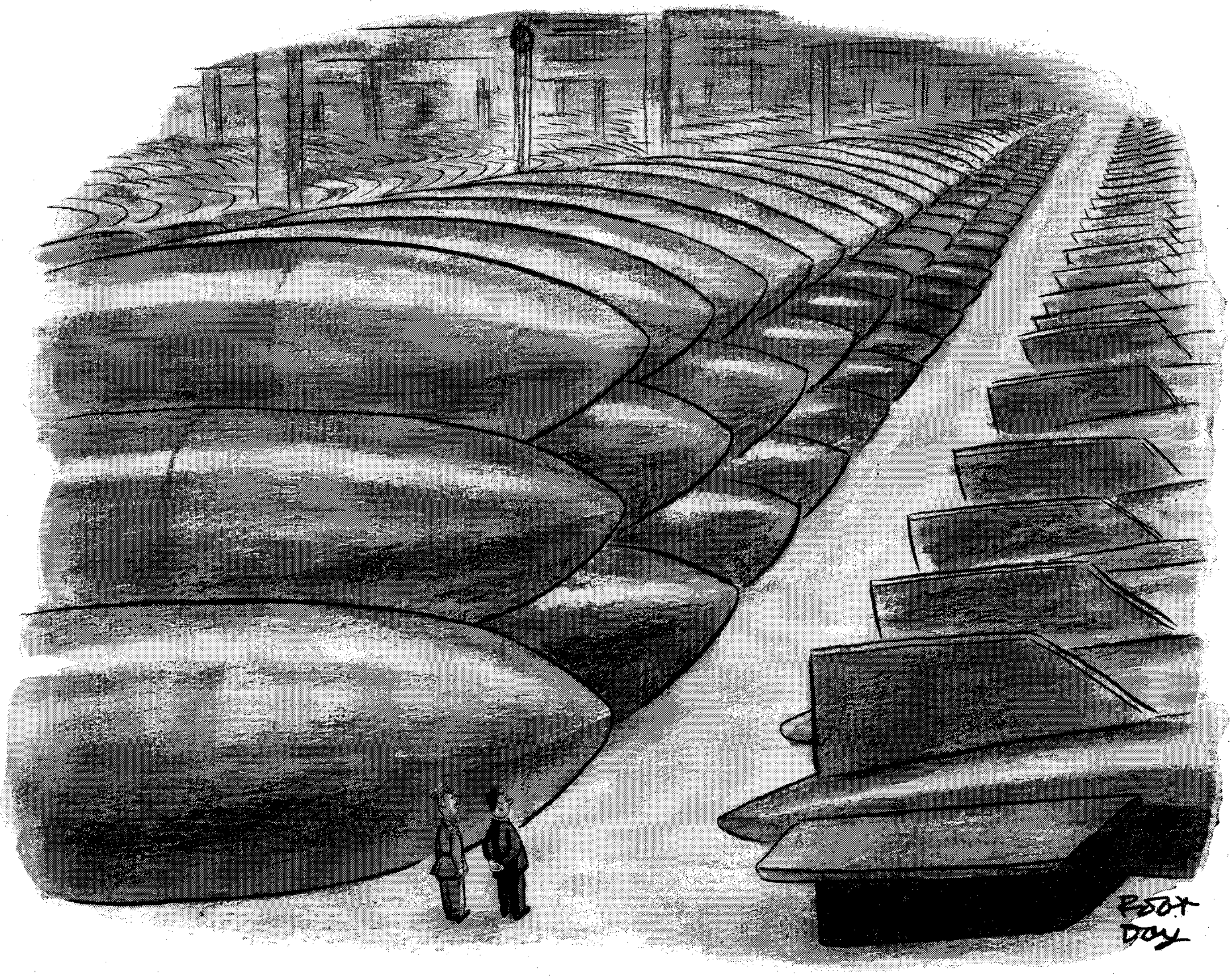
Next night Mr. Hall produced another seven-line poem, of a patriotic nature, on the subject, but we will omit it in the interest of brevity, among other things, with the notation that the two poems strung together do *not* constitute a sonnet.

Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, and Bob Hope were off the air—a great blessing to all. Milton Berle was vacationing upstate. He told someone on the telephone that he had no atomic-bomb gags, no plans to collect any, and considered it a poor subject for drollery. We wish him a good vacation.

## *Vigil on Broadway*

WE called on Leon Goldstein, vice-president of news and special features at WMCA, Monday, and found him desperately whacking at a typewriter. "This thing is enough to drive you nuts," he said. "Sunday we hear King Gustav of Sweden is going to be intermediary. Ten minutes later there's word that he broke his back slipping in his bathtub. We didn't get caught on that false U.P. flash, though." We asked Mr. Goldstein if we could have a word with one of the *Times* announcers, and he said that David Leeds, who was then on, would be out in a minute. Mr. Leeds almost immediately bounced in, wearing the most formidable tortoise-shell glasses we'd ever seen. He said he was just back from a four-day vacation and that he'd handled eight of the nine *Times* broadcasts on his shift that day. He and two other announcers take care of the news at WMCA, for the *Times* as well as for the station. We asked him if he got weary of the sameness of the news on that kind of day, a suspense day. "Just a job," said Mr. Leeds. "Of course," he added hastily, "the job is stimulating, but if you thought about hot flashes all the time, you'd go mad." We learned from Mr. Leeds that the copy for the *Times* broadcasts comes to WMCA from the *Times* offices via ticker just before each broadcast. Presently he announced that copy from the *Times* was beginning to come in, and asked us to wait for him in Studio 8. While idling there, we fumbled through a basket of discarded sheets of earlier broadcasts.

"According to Washington dispatches," said the 11 A.M. broadcast, "the Japanese may have one more hour to reply to the Allied surrender demands." At noon the *Times* informed its listeners that "American bombers are hammering the enemy homeland as the Japanese continue silent on their decision whether to surrender or continue waging a suicidal war." By one, the *Times* asserted belligerently that "the great American air offensive continues



*". . . and then the next thing, some general comes out and says the first atom bomb is obsolete!"*

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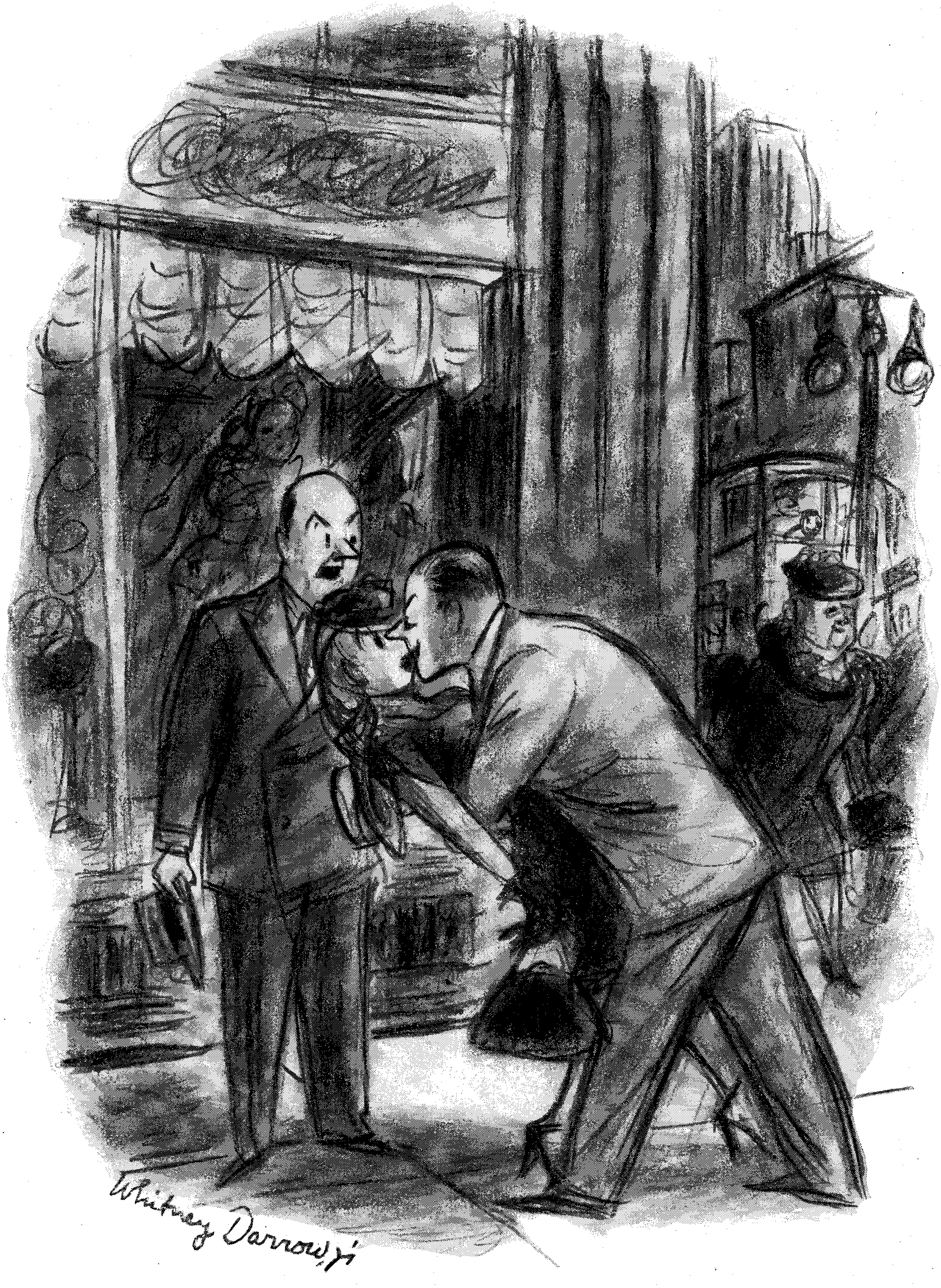
to hit Japan as the enemy tries to decide whether to fight on or give up the hopeless struggle." By two, the *Times*, plainly weary of it all, swallowed and said, "There is still no indication from Tokio of the Japanese Government's attitude . . ." We were admiring the *Times'* ingenuity in recasting the same item so well when Mr. Leeds entered the studio. He looked calm, poised, and untroubled. Nodding to us, he picked up a direct telephone to the *Times* and began to alter the copy he had in his hand according to last-second instructions from the home office. He then cleared his throat, waggled his head to loosen his neck muscles, and pressed a button that rang the familiar gong. In a voice full of dignity, he began, "American air power continues to hit Japan as the world waits for the Japanese leaders to . . ." When Mr. Leeds finished, he rang his gong again and said to us, "You know, in moments of crisis we keep the phone to our ear through the whole three minutes." He added that even without the phone the *Times* could interrupt him for anything hot—such as the end of a war—with a red light of warning. The station would then give him the flash.

Mr. Leeds' nerves were obviously in the pink, but we learned from a studio executive we met on our way out that some men who have handled war news for the *Times* have grown pretty high-strung. "Had a fellow named Callan, a marvellous announcer," he told us. "He got to broadcasting in his sleep. One night he gave a full take on Churchill chasing Hitler down the Wilhelmstrasse and wound up with a late bulletin just in from the wires of the Associated Press to the effect that Marshall Field had captured Okinawa singlehanded. Callan wasn't worried, though. He said his wife figured he'd talked *exactly two minutes and fifty-nine* seconds and that if he'd had a gong it would have sounded just like the *Times*. He's in the Navy now, and I'm sorry. I'd like to hear what he'd dream about Hirohito's horse."

## *Adjustment*

NO matter about grownups; the children are already at home in the atomic world. For years the playground in Washington Square has resounded to the high-strung anh-anh-anh of machine guns and the long-drawn-out whine of high-velocity shells. Last Sunday morning a great advance was made. We watched a military man of seven or eight climb onto a seesaw, gather a number of his staff officers around him, and explain the changed situation. "Look," he said. "I'm an atomic bomb. I just go 'boom.' Once. Like this." He raised his arms, puffed out his cheeks, jumped down from the seesaw, and went "Boom!" Then he led his army away, leaving Manhattan in ruins behind him.



*"Damn it, Mason, you don't kiss a bride every time you meet her."*

# THE DEVIL HAS THE MOON

IT was a summer evening and the cool air which at this hour sweeps down from the Himalayas smelled pleasant to Mr. Sanderson, the Eurasian tutor, when he stepped from his room onto the gravel terrace before the house and gazed down at the lake, which lay pale and unruffled between dark-green hills. The nasal song of a Pahari on the road that skirted the lake was borne to Mr. Sanderson's ears, adding to his sense of well-being. He had just finished dining with the family, his employers; now they had dispersed to their rooms and he was free for the first time today. Free, but rather lonely. He was a sociable person and would have liked to be invited by his charges, or by their parents, for a chat or a smoke before bedtime, but these little intimacies were not encouraged. The Strongs were kind to him, he was well treated and well paid, but they were English and he was Eurasian and neither he nor they could ever quite forget it. When not under the eyes of their parents, his pupils, Hilda, aged eleven, and Richard, aged eight, often took cruel advantage of him. They had early discovered his extreme sensitivity and enjoyed playing upon it, alternately exciting him to hysterical laughter and driving him to tears. Mr. Sanderson was twenty years old and he would have liked to behave toward the children as an older brother, but they would not accept him. They were, he decided, incapable of finer feeling; they were not even grateful for what he did for them, striving as he did day by day to lift them out of the giddy ignorance in which they lived. He had rarely encountered children less interested in study.

Mr. Strong was a retired tea planter who kept talking about going back to England to die but who never went and who seemed in no immediate danger of dying. When he had engaged Mr. Sanderson as tutor for the children, he had said, "For God's sake din some education into them. I've had Hilda in school for two years and she hasn' learned a thing, not a thing, except som prayers."

"Teach them history," Mrs. Strong had begged him. She adored her children but was not equipped to teach then anything except how to play the mandolin, which they did badly but indefatigably.

"Mathematics," said Mr. Strong, who had no head for it himself but understood its importance. "Teach them mathematics, Sanderson. Why, Richard is eight and he can't do the simplest sum!"

Mr. Sanderson had applied himself to his duties with enthusiasm; after six months the results of his perseverance were beginning to appear, and he basked in the gratitude of the parents if not in that of the children, for *they* knew that whatever knowledge they acquired was due to the merest luck; both had formidable memories for what they wished to retain and could be as fluent as parrots when in the mood. Appearances, they knew, were what actually counted—the appearance of knowledge, the appearance of good breeding. Every day, seated at the study table in the big, glassed-in balcony, they observed their tutor with sly, amused eyes.

One morning, Hilda, bored with syntax, had said, "Ram Lal is dying. He is dying of pneumonia down there in the room above his shop." Ram Lal was the merchant from whom the Strongs bought their groceries.

"All his relations have arrived," said Richard. "Listen! You can hear them howling like jackals. In the morning Ram Lal will be dead. Will Father have to pay his bill if he dies, Mr. Sanderson?"

"There is such a thing as honor," Mr. Sanderson reminded them coldly.

It had been difficult to concentrate after that, for the sound of Ram Lal's grieving relatives floated up from the bazaar into their ears.

"T[illegible]ate him," said Hilda. "Then we can watch it from the path behind the house."

"You have such gristly ideas," Richard complained sanctimoniously. "Hasn't she, Mr. Sanderson?"

"Grisly, Richard, grisly! And now let us please continue."

Ram Lal did not die. Instead, he committed the sacrilege of recovering after the family priest had pronounced him extinct, and thereby became an outcaste. His business suffered because now only the lowest castes and the few Europeans in the place would deal with him. The tormented man sometimes trudged up the hill to the Strongs to seek advice. Mr. Strong advised him to become a Christian, and when he recoiled from the idea, Mr. Sanderson suggested that he embrace Islam. "Obviously," said the Eurasian, "you might as well become something, since your own people won't have you, now that you're supposed to be dead."

Ram Lal beat his forehead with his hands. "I should have died!" he moaned. "Yes, it would have been better for everyone if I had died."

Discussing the situation later with his pupils, Mr. Sanderson had shrugged and smiled. "Such superstition!" he said.

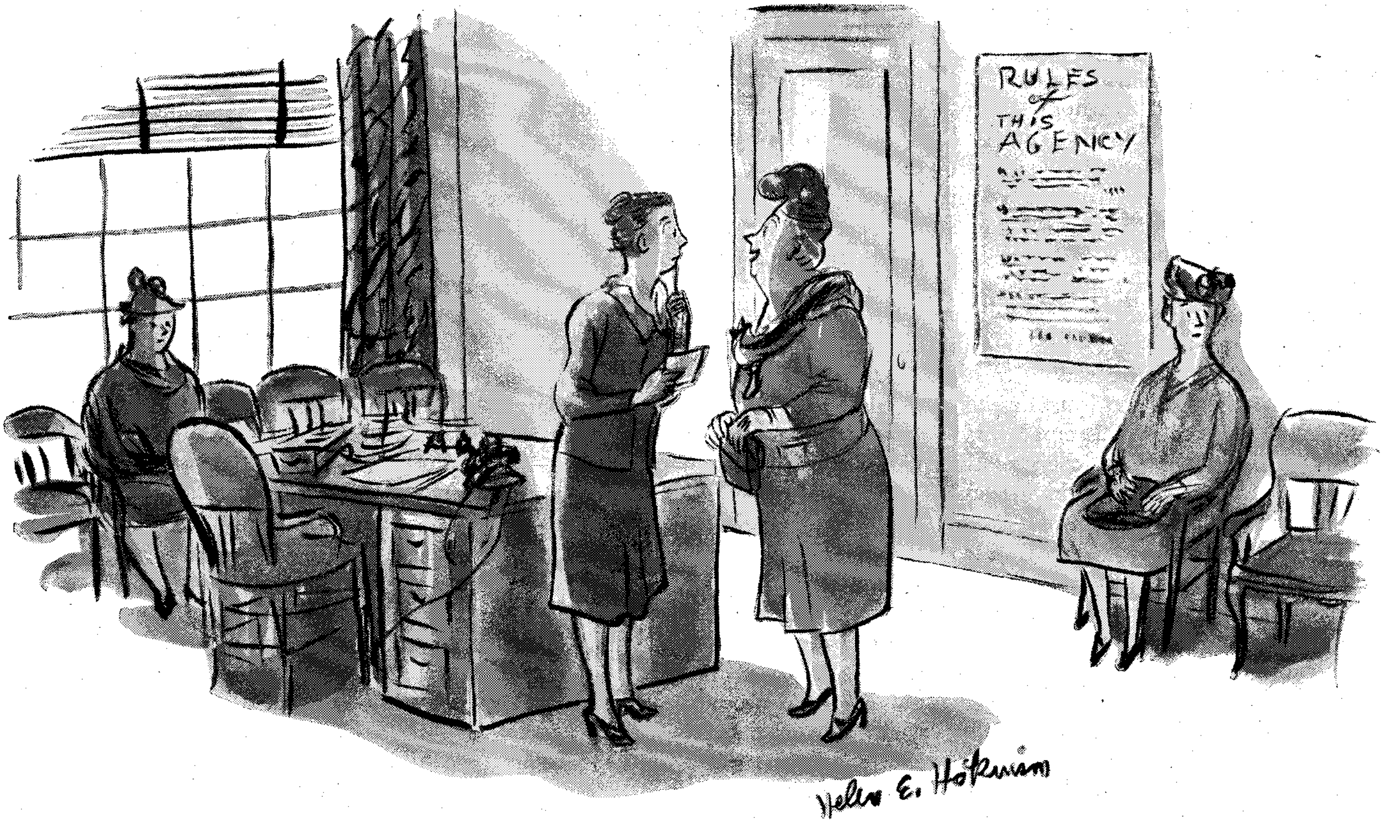
"What is superstition?" asked Richard. The tutor explained as well as he could, and then, glancing at their faces, he added, "I think one might say that prejudice is a kind of superstition also."

"What's prejudice?"

"Oh, it might mean a number of things, like believing that one person is better than another person." He would have enlarged on the subject, but decided not to when he saw the faint smile that passed between Hilda and Richard.

BUT on this cool summer evening, as he strolled on the terrace, Mr. Sanderson was conscious of a rare peace of mind. The children had been unusually well behaved all day, Mrs. Strong had congratulated him on his success with them, and Mr. Strong had given him a raise in pay. True, no one had invited him to come in for a chat or a smoke before going to bed, but then, perhaps he was foolish to expect it. One cannot have everything, he reminded himself philosophically.

A nighthawk boomed on the hillside and the Pahari's song died away, but the tune lingered in Mr. Sanderson's ears and he hummed its curious nasal melody, pitched in a minor key, until he suddenly recollected himself and stopped, casting a glance at the house,



*"Why, I'd* love *an Armenian! Are they any good?"*

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where the oil lamps had been lighted. The music of a mandolin reached him, but its tune was not that of the Pahari; it sang, instead, of mountains and fountains and dunes and moons, and at that moment Mr. Sanderson remembered that tonight was the night of the moon's eclipse, and that he had promised the children to remind them of it. Earlier he had explained the phenomenon to them and they had been greatly excited, bombarding him with questions, flattering him by their earnest attention. It was on such rare occasions that Mr. Sanderson achieved a self-respect that came close to a sense of superiority. For all that he was poor and of a significant darkness, still he was intelligent and sensitive; he had something to teach those who were willing to learn. So he had taken his time explaining the causes of the moon's eclipse, while Hilda perched on one arm of his chair, her golden pigtail swaying against his cheek, and Richard perched on the other arm, absentmindedly stroking Mr. Sanderson's head as if it were a dog's. Sensuous happiness welled up in the young tutor, causing his eyes to fill with tears. He remembered that moment now as he strolled on the terrace in the deepening Himalayan twilight. Night would come with a rush, then the moon would rise above the spur of the hill across the lake.

Mr. Sanderson could hear Ram Lal arguing with his wife down in the bazaar, but he could not make out the words. There was a clatter of brass pots being wash

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derson. He put his hands on their shoulders as they stood on either side of him. "Don't you, Hilda, Richard?"

They answered in unison, "It is caused by the shadow of the earth falling on the moon's surface."

"Hurray!" cried Mr. Strong, and Mrs. Strong said, "Congratulations, Mr. Sanderson!"

The valley filled with darkness. Only the lake retained light, catching it from the sky. Then the rising moon cleared the shoulder of the hill and the children stared in amazement at its face, scarred and red and unrecognizable, with what looked like an immense birthmark spreading slowly across it. A malign glance seemed to hold the world transfixed; then, from the bazaar below the hill, pandemonium broke loose, a terrific banging of pots and pans, howls, whistles, screams, and the piercing adjuration of a single voice, *"Chhor do! Chhor do! Chhor do!"*

"Why are they saying that? What do they mean?" asked Hilda.

Mr. Sanderson laughed. "They think that the devil has hold of the moon and they're shouting to him to let go. Listen!"

*"Chhor do! Chhor do! Chhor do!"*

Shrieks and groans accompanied the

shouting, and a noise of drums and the bleating of trumpets. From the balcony came the laughter of Mrs. Strong. "Oh, the idiots!" she said. "They really believe it!"

"But is it true?" demanded Richard. "Has the devil really got hold of the moon?"

"Richard!" exclaimed Mr. Sanderson, aghast. "After what I was telling you only this afternoon!"

The boy stirred uneasily, his eyes fixed on the blemish, his ears filled with the hubbub of the mob down in the bazaar, where every voice was hurling imprecations at the sky and every pot and pan in creation seemed to be banging in unison.

"Let's go down and watch them!" cried Hilda suddenly.

"Very well," said Mr. Sanderson. "You asked me once what was the meaning of superstition. This will be an object lesson for you. Come."

"Better put cotton wool in your ears," advised Mr. Strong from the balcony.

"Don't let the children out of your sight, Mr. Sanderson," said Mrs. Strong.

The young man held out a hand to each child. "Come," he said authoritatively, and a thrill went through him as their young, moist fingers clutched his. Usually, if he ventured a slight caress, he was promptly rebuffed. But tonight was different, tonight he was master of ceremonies, dispenser of favors. Holding their hands, he led them down the stony path toward the bazaar, and as they drew near, the uproar became truly deafening. "Goodness!" said Hilda, giggling.

"Imbeciles!" said Mr. Sanderson. "Idiots!" His white-trousered legs glittered in the eerie light of the eclipse, and beside them skipped the pale, bare legs of the children; their faces were luminous on either side of him.

JUST above the bazaar the path widened into a sort of rough terrace, and here they came to a halt, staring at the scene below them. The narrow street seethed with humanity—men, women, and children, all clutching bits of metal which they banged and rattled in unremitting frenzy. Their voices were lifted in screeching denunciation of the evil one who held the moon in his grip, and every eye rolled in wrath and terror toward the captive, hanging bloodily in the dark-blue sky.

*"Chhor do! Chhor do! Chhor do!"*

Trumpets brayed. A stone, hurled by some optimist, whizzed past Mr. Sanderson's head. Richard began to laugh on a curious, helpless note. "They're throwing stones at the devil!" he exclaimed. "Sandy, did you see that? They're throwing stones at the devil!"

"Oh, look!" cried Hilda, pointing. They looked and saw the slight, agile figure of Govind, the forest ranger, pushing his way forward, carrying an ancient carbine.

"Make way for Govind!" shouted someone. "Make way, make way!"

"What will Govind do?" asked Hilda. She was clinging to Mr. Sanderson's hand and he could feel the excitement running through her.

"He's probably going to take a pot shot at the devil," said Mr. Sanderson. Gently he caressed her hand.

"Look!" she cried again. "Look, Sandy!" Govind brought the carbine to his shoulder, aiming at the moon. The mighty explosion was followed by an instant's lull and a smell of gunpowder. Govind stood with the smoking carbine in one hand, the other rubbing his shoulder, which ached from the recoil.

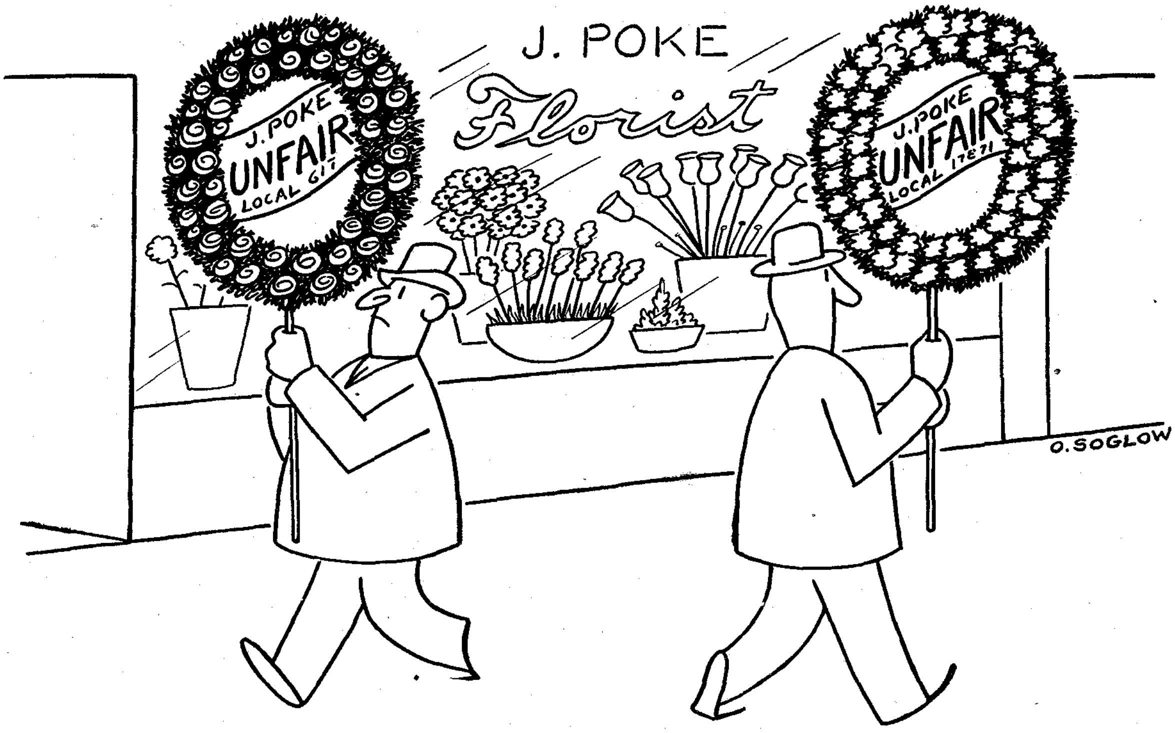
"He missed!" cried Richard. "He missed the devil!" Then, in shrill Hindustani, he yelled, *"Chhor do! Chhor do!"*

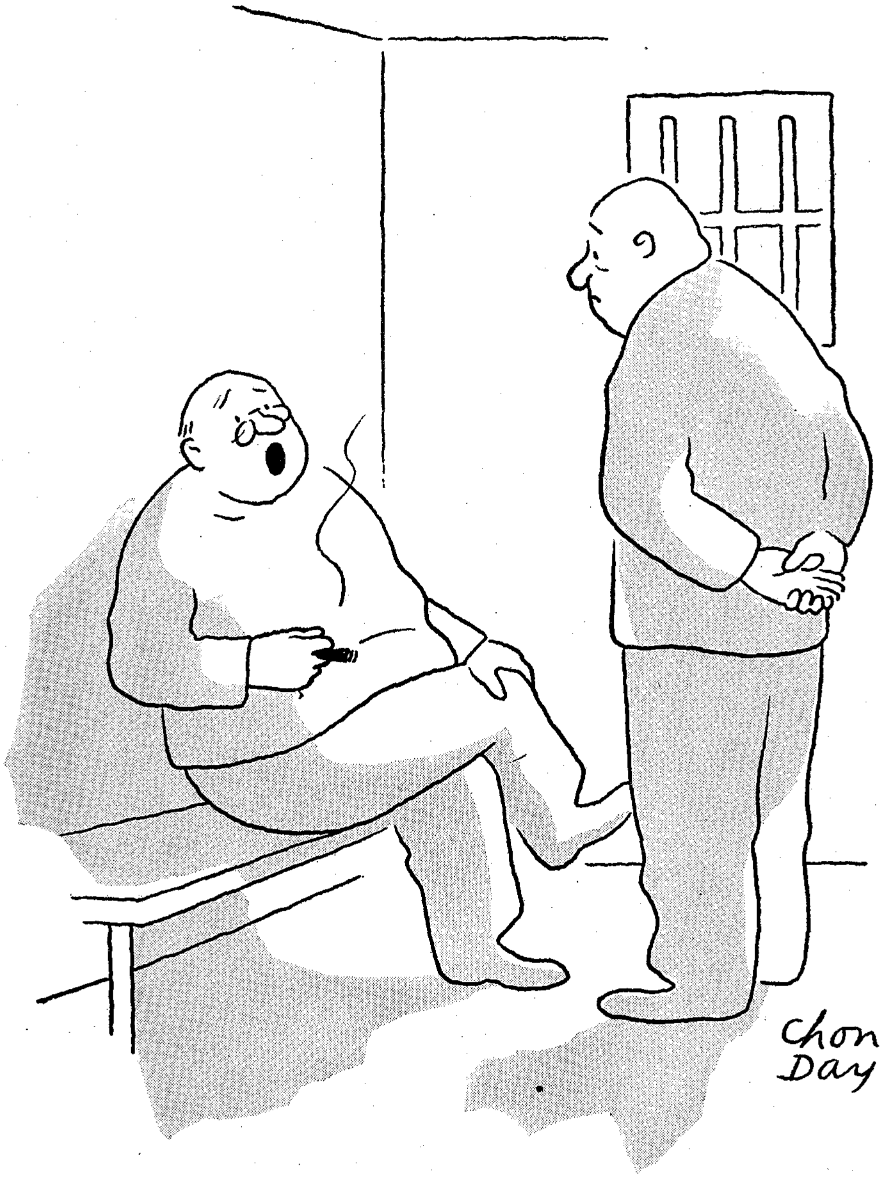
It was the signal for the crowd to renew its howls, and Richard, tearing his hand free of Mr. Sanderson's, plunged down the hillside toward the street, followed by Hilda, both of them shrieking blue murder.

"Children!" wailed Mr. Sanderson. "Hilda! Richard! Come back this instant! I command you! I forbid you!"

His voice was lost in the babble, and in despair he followed them down the hillside into the mob of milling, half-naked bodies. No one paid any attention to him. Sweaty limbs pummelled his immaculate clothes, bare feet tramped on his shoes. Of the children there was no sign; the mob had swallowed them. Mr. Sanderson found himself standing beside Govind, the forest ranger. "Where are the children?" the tutor demanded, his voice heavily charged with the English intonation. "Tell me at once! Don't stand there yelling, you bloody fool!"

But Govind didn't hear him. His face pale with fright, he was frantically trying to reload the carbine for another shot. Mr. Sanderson began once more to push and claw his way through the crowd. His white suit lost its starch, sweat poured down his face, his glossy, jet-black hair hung lank over his forehead. At last he caught up with his charges. They were wedged between Ram Lal and his family, who had provided them with brass pots, which they were banging together as they yelled with the others. Mr. Sanderson peered





*"I took the case because it presented some interesting legal problems, and of course the fee was exceptionally generous."*

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at them in horror. "Are you mad? Drop those things! Come away at once!"

Hilda paused long enough to say, "Ram Lal told us that if we don't make the devil let go the moon, he will put out its light forever. Then it will get pitch dark and we shall all be at his mercy."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"About Shaitan, the devil!" She brought two brass pots together with a sickening clang. Richard, flanked by Ram Lal's grandsons, bellowed passionately, "*Chhor do*, you beast, you fiend! *Chhor do!*"

Mr. Sanderson felt strangely helpless. He was almost suffocated by the press of bodies, his ears were numb, his eyes smarted. Another shot from Govind's carbine was followed by another moment of silence, then a renewal of the yells, screams, groans. Someone thrust a pewter tray and a heavy iron ladle into Mr. Sanderson's hands. Hilda stared at him, her face colorless, her eyes blazing. "Beat it, Sandy," she commanded hoarsely. "Do you want us all to be killed?"

With a slight, sardonic smile, he obeyed, thumping the tray with the ladle, wincing at the added discord. The smile faded, his teeth clenched, and he beat harder and harder, the percussion sending white-hot tremors up his arms. He found himself whispering, then shouting with the others, half in mockery and half in despair. Suddenly he noticed that tears were pouring down the children's faces; between sobs Hilda cried, "Why doesn't the devil let go? Why doesn't he? Make him let go, somebody! Sandy, make the devil let go!" She dropped her brass pots and cast herself on the ground, twisting and moaning while the crowd howled on.

Mr. Sanderson saw the crumpled figure, its golden pigtail writhing in the dust. Swiftly he bent and lifted her. Then he seized Richard by an arm, and somehow, by pushing and kicking, he got the two children away from the crowd and back onto the path above the bazaar. There, for a minute, they stood with heaving chests, sobs falling away inside them, their aching eyes moving from the crowd below to the discolored and impassive orb above.

Gradually the children's hysteria subsided. Mr. Sanderson produced a handkerchief and wiped Hilda's face, then Richard's, then his own. He smoothed his hair and pulled his necktie into place. "Hilda," he said abruptly, "let me see your hands." He had noticed that she had been furtively licking them, and suspected that she might have cut them when she threw herself on the ground.

"They're all right," she said, and put them behind her back.

"Well, see that you put iodine on them before you go to bed, unless you want to get tetanus."

Richard asked, "Is tetanus the same as hydrophobia?"

"No," said Mr. Sanderson. They turned and made their way slowly up the hill toward the house, where the lighted windows shone against the dark hillside. The children did not offer to take their tutor's hands, and he did not suggest that they do so. He felt utterly dispirited. Behind him the noise from the bazaar went on and on; it would, he knew, continue unabated till the shadow of the earth had passed from the moon's face, leaving it clear and unclouded once more, and he wondered briefly what charm or what logic might serve to drive away another shadow from men's minds and from their hearts.

—CHRISTINE WESTON

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The Attorney General desires to speak to all the employees of the Department in the Great Hall on Thursday afternoon, June 28 at 4 o'clock, on the advent of his departure from the Department.

It would be very nice if everybody would be present to help make his leavetaking a memorable one.

S. A. ANDRETTA
Executive Assistant
to the Attorney General

—*Memorandum from the Office of the Attorney General of the United States.*

Farewell and hail!

# MR. HOON AND THE EVERLASTING YEA

Mr. Ewing was as nearly in tears as it is possible for a rather conventional New Yorker to be when he is standing in a crowded elevator, surrounded by the businessmen and stenographers in whose brisk society he spends each working day. Behind Mr. Ewing's forehead all kinds of hell had broken loose, and in the vicinity of his cheekbones the pain was equally excruciating. Although it was Mr. Ewing's belief that something set him apart from other victims of sinusitis, his nose specialist had cheerfully dismissed the ailment as "merely a thickened membrane in the left antrum." (The nose specialist was a newcomer to New York, and his own left antrum had not yet begun to fight.) As the elevator came to a halt at the ground floor, Mr. Ewing's head seemed to split apart.

It was Saturday noon. The midsummer heat was oppressive, but the babble of voices around Mr. Ewing indicated that everyone had plans—golf, shampoos, shopping, Rockaway, gardening, Long Beach, sewing, sleeping, the Red Cross blood-donor center, and Loew's Pitkin. Surging from the elevator, the crowd swept Mr. Ewing through the lobby and out into the hot, dead air of Church Street. He, too, had a commitment for the weekend, but it was one that he viewed with horror, now that his left antrum was behaving so badly. Mr. Ewing knew that it would be useless to mention sinusitis as an excuse to Mr. and Mrs. Floyd L. Stryker of "Misty Meadows," Westport, Connecticut. Mr. and Mrs. Stryker were the sort of people who proudly explain that Westport can cure anything.

Suddenly Mr. Ewing discovered an empty cab. He climbed into it, grateful for an opportunity to let someone else solve his most immediate problem. "Grand Central, please," he said. Then he leaned back against the shabby leather and closed his eyes.

"Yes, *sir!*" a buoyant voice cried. "You want to go to the Grand Central, and I'm going to take you there! That's *exactly* where I'm going to take you!"

Mr. Ewing's left antrum was peculiarly sensitive to noise, and this particular voice assaulted it brutally.

"People get into my cab and I take 'em where they want to go because that's what my business is. Like the fellow in the newspaper who says, 'New York is my beat.' Winter and summer. Yes, *sir!*"

Mr. Ewing shuddered. He opened his eyes about an eighth of an inch and saw a great bull neck, creased by rolls of fat. It was red and moist. Mr. Ewing closed his eyes again, as if by doing so he could silence the genial bellowing. It mystified him that anyone could be so hearty in such weather. He waited. The foolish little trick was succeeding. Apparently as long as he kept his eyes closed, he could ensure peace.

The pain ebbed somewhat.

"We're going to swing over to Foley Square," the voice announced, with the dreadful brightness of someone taking a child to the dentist, "and we're going to go Lafayette Street, Fourth Avenue, and Park. Yes, *sir!* That's the best way to go, and that's the way we're going!"

Mr. Ewing opened his eyes—all the way this time. The photograph on the driver's identification card revealed a face that was at once sanctimonious, bovine, and playful. The driver's name was Albert Hoon.

"See that shoe store over there?" Mr. Hoon said. "I *like* that chain of stores. I really do. That's where I like to patronize. They understand about service, and I'm all for service. *I* say it's an art that we in this country have got to learn if we're going to get anywhere and not lapse into revolution. Good service is good business, isn't it? And after all, what is good service except understanding a customer's little foibles and making him happy? That's the kind of service I'm trying to give *you*, and it's the kind I try to give *everybody!*"

"Oh, God!" Mr. Ewing groaned. He applied the pressure of a finger to his frontal bone and massaged it slowly.

"Pardon—I didn't quite catch that," Mr. Hoon said with a certain stiffness. But his overpowering affability soon returned. "I guess maybe you aren't an enthusiast about the heat. I *like* the heat. You see, I got a theory that the more you sweat out all the little impurities in your system, the healthier you're going to be when you wake up the next day. So when I'm riding along, and all my passengers are feeling the heat, you never hear *me* complain. I just sit back and enjoy myself, thinking about all the impurities I'm sweating out."

It occurred to Mr. Ewing that not since he had attended a play called "Pollyanna" had he encountered anyone who was so relentlessly glad about everything.

A traffic snarl obliged Mr. Hoon to halt his cab on Lafayette Street. Another cab drew up alongside, and Mr. Ewing noted that the other driver glanced at Mr. Hoon with considerable distaste.

"Hello, louse," the other driver said. It was not so much a greeting as a simple statement of fact.

Mr. Hoon chose to ignore his colleague, but presently, when the traffic got unsnarled, he turned his head slightly and remarked to Mr. Ewing, "Rudeness never pays, in *my* opinion." Mr. Ewing noticed that in profile Mr. Hoon bore a startling resemblance to Elsie, the Borden cow, in one of her more complacent poses.

After permitting his passenger to enjoy an entire minute of quiet, Mr. Hoon inquired, with gracious condescension, "Married, by any chance?"

Mr. Ewing said shortly that he wasn't.

"Neither am I," said Mr. Hoon. "I guess I've never been able to find *just* the right person." His tone implied that the search for someone sufficiently worthy had been taxing in the extreme. "But *I'm* not complaining. I've got my little apartment on Joralemon

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Street, and I've got my Plymouth Church connections. When I get home at night and turn on some program or other like 'Can You Top This?' and settle down with a glass of Cocomalt, I realize that I'm *perfectly* satisfied."

Mr. Ewing moodily watched the little impurities trickle down the back of Mr. Hoon's neck. As he did, he remembered with increased respect the general run of taxi drivers he had ridden with in the past—morose, ferret-like men who, if they spoke at all, delivered New Yorkese in machine-gun bursts without bothering to turn their heads. Most of them drove too fast to suit Mr. Ewing's taste, but their attitude toward the world in general was skeptical or bitter rather than sanctimonious, and often was highly entertaining. Suddenly the word "bran" penetrated Mr. Ewing's consciousness, and he realized that for some reason Mr. Hoon was being glad about bran.

". . . who refuse to eat a nutritious breakfast for love or money," Mr. Hoon was saying. "Now, I *always* eat a nutritious breakfast, and I always include at least *one* of the things I've been telling you about." Mr. Hoon cleared his throat and added modestly, "That's why I'm so regular." He waved an arm to the left. "I like Wanamaker's, don't you?"

By means of a hastily devised expedient, Mr. Ewing achieved a temporary escape. He took out his wallet and was able to lose himself briefly in small computations The next words he heard were ". . . walk through their silver department. I always think silver makes the perfect gift. Of course, I only have one or two really good pieces myself. *Oh!*"

For the first time Mr. Hoon stopped sounding glad. The policeman at the Fourteenth Street intersection was giving him hell. "Anybody ever tell you a green light means 'Go'?" the policeman asked savagely after certain colorful preliminaries. "It don't mean 'Go to sleep for a coupla hours,' and it don't mean 'Sit still here till Mama comes and gets you.' You hear me? Now *step* on it!"

Mr. Hoon stepped on it. And as the cab started up Fourth Avenue, Mr. Ewing thought cordially of the policeman, who had hit on the most annoying feature of Mr. Hoon's driving technique. Other taxi drivers had whisked Mr. Ewing around New York with lighthearted abandon, but they generally had done so with an eerie skill; Mr. Hoon drove slowly, but in a manner so pompous and inexpert that the result was terrifying in a rather special way. For example, he haughtily ignored the warning blasts of other automobiles as he drove along, thereby subjecting his passenger to a form of torture that bordered on the Japanese. The leisurely speed, Mr. Ewing supposed, was attributable to the opportunities for conversation that it afforded.

EXCEPT for a second "*Oh!*," which Mr. Hoon breathed with contempt and fury, nothing was said about the episode with the policeman.

Mr. Ewing resumed the dreary occupation of massaging his forehead, and Mr. Hoon, triumphantly slowing down, took occasion to demonstrate that he was capable of the utmost social poise in trying circumstances. "The Corn Exchange Bank is *such* a good bank," he said, indicating a building on the right. "I use the Brooklyn branch, but *all* the branches are good. Every once in a while I buy a little bit of stock, and they just take the usual commission. And when I overdraw, there's just a small charge and no unpleasant words at all. I'm not a very good businessman, so what I like is a *friendly* bank."

Many blocks ahead, Grand Central Terminal rose above the heat haze like a beautiful palace in a child's storybook. It waited for Mr. Ewing, promising deliverance. Westport and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd L. Stryker had begun to look very good indeed to him.

"Can you go a little faster?" Mr. Ewing asked.

"You aren't trying to catch a train, are you?" Mr. Hoon asked solicitously.

"Yes," Mr. Ewing said.

"I had no idea you were trying to catch a train. What time does it go?"

"I—er—I don't know," Mr. Ewing said. "All I remember is, I was barely allowing myself enough time. It goes around—er—around one."

"Thirteen hundred, as we used to say in the Army," Mr. Hoon remarked brightly, somewhat to Mr. Ewing's astonishment. "You have *loads* of time. You have time to burn. I like a long ride like this, don't you? Have you been in the Army, by the way?"

"I was in the last war," Mr. Ewing snapped.

"Oh, *that*," Mr. Hoon said gaily. "I didn't mean *that*. That's ancient history. You needn't worry, we'll get to the Grand Central in no time at all."

In the mission of trying to understand his customer's little foibles and make him happy, Mr. Hoon had failed. Mr. Ewing longed for a Mills bomb.

"Thirty-seventh Street," Mr. Hoon sang happily. Then, as the cab crawled

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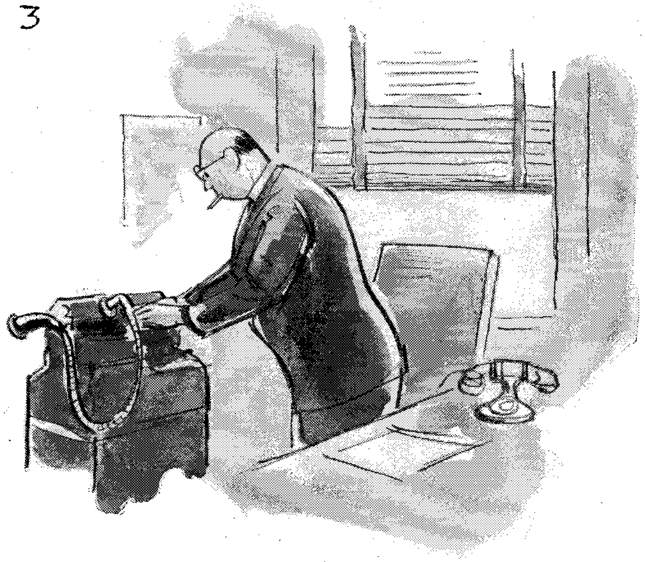

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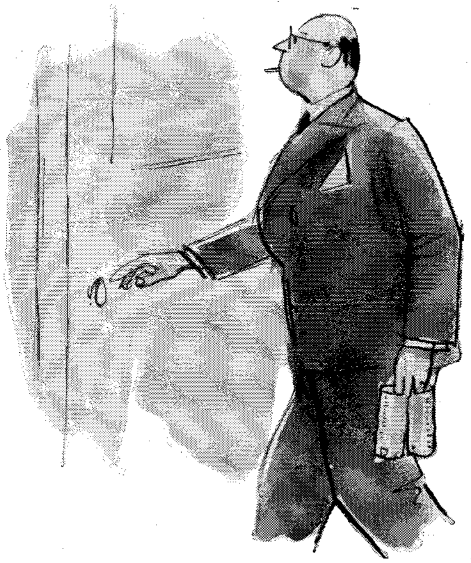

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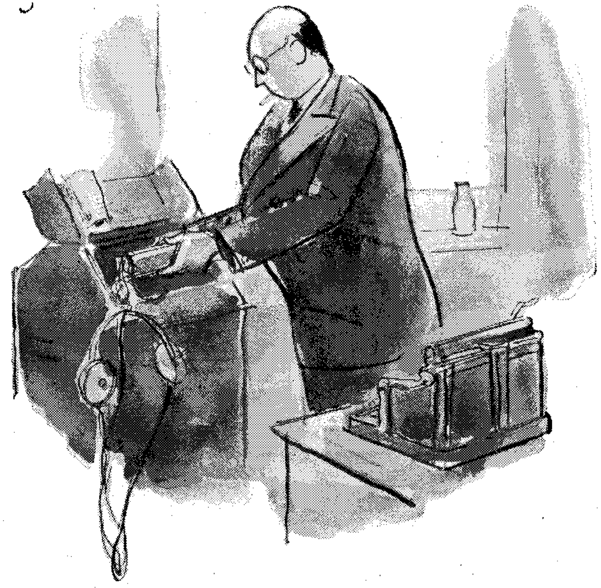

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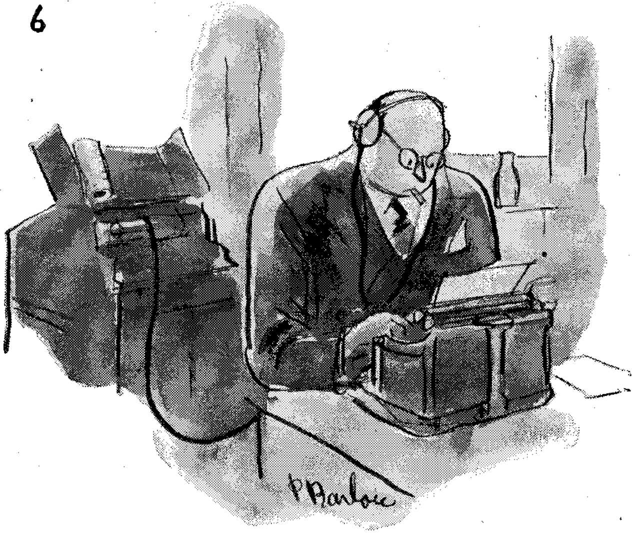


uptown, "Thirty-eighth Street. Thirty-ninth Street. Fortieth Street."

"Just let me out when you get to the corner of Forty-second," Mr. Ewing said, with a desperate fear that Mr. Hoon would go around a block or two in an effort to approach the Terminal with dignity and effect.

"The reason I like a long ride is that you get to *know* people," Mr. Hoon said cozily. "You'd be surprised how many people get into my cab are really very uninteresting. I mean they just want to go somewhere in a hurry. I mean they don't like to *visit.*"

Mr. Ewing sat on the edge of the seat, his eyes on the meter and money in his hand.

"Here we are, all safe and sound," Mr. Hoon crooned horribly as he came to a stop at the corner of Forty-second. The cab had negotiated the last block like an old-fashioned electric. "That was a ver-y en-joy-a-ble ride. Yes, *sir!*"

Thrusting the money at Mr. Hoon, Mr. Ewing muttered, "Keep the change," and got out as fast as he could. The tip was enormous, but Mr. Ewing was more interested in freedom than in economy. Even as Mr. Hoon began to utter fulsome thanks, a Marine grasped the handle of the still-open door.

"You free?" he asked, and Mr. Hoon cut short his paean of thanksgiving to admit that he was free.

"Barbizon Hotel," the Marine said, and he got into the cab.

A happy impulse led Mr. Ewing to wait for a moment before hurrying across to the station.

"Something tells me we're going to call on a young lady," Mr. Hoon declared jocosely. "Yes, *sir!* That's what something tells me!"

The Marine's lower lip protruded ominously.

"Furthermore, something tells me that the young lady in question is very, *ver-y* pretty!"

The Marine clenched his fists, and, as the cab drove off, Mr. Ewing's pulse quickened with a wild and glorious hope.

—JAMES REID PARKER

•

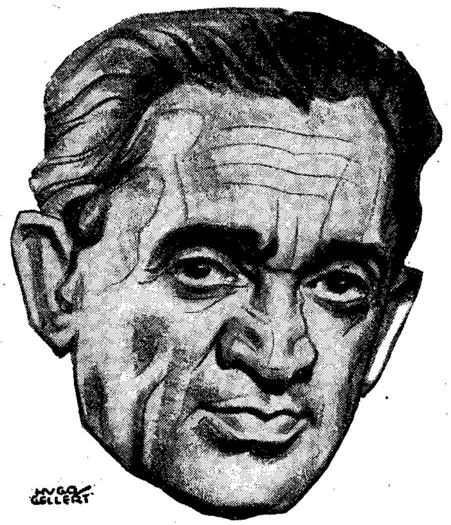
## THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[*Dilys Powell in the London Sunday Times*]

The Lunts are no mean players; but if Tracy and Hepburn in the film of "Without Love" don't wipe the floor with Lunt and Fontanne in the film of "The Guardsman," I'll eat anybody's current bowler hat.

# PROFILES

## THE INFINITESIMAL AND THE INFINITE



*William L. Laurence*

ON Monday fourteen weeks ago, William L. Laurence, who since 1930 has been a science reporter on the New York *Times*, dissolved into thin air very much as if he had been hit by an atomic bomb. As a matter of fact, that is just about what happened to him. Up to the summer of 1943, when censorship forbade any mention of the subject of atom-smashing, the progress of what is probably the greatest single discovery of our civilization had been reported on more thoroughly by Laurence, in the *Times* and other publications, than by any other American journalist. The news that the day of the atomic bomb was near and that the explosive force of a few pounds of split atoms would equal that of the bomb load of thousands of planes was presented to the general public for the first time by Laurence, on Page 1 of the *Times* of May 5, 1940. (The general public took it calmly.) In the same article, he explained in some detail how the split atom, if it became the source of power he and others expected, would revolutionize the world. Then, in September of that year, Laurence, in an article for the *Saturday Evening Post*, told its readers precisely what U-235 was, how it had been isolated, how its atoms could be split, and what would happen as soon as the energy released by splitting them could be harnessed. He said, furthermore, that the explosive power of a pound of the new substance would be equal to fifteen thousand tons of T.N.T. and that German and American laboratories were engaged in a race to find a method for isolating and splitting it and controlling its power; he recommended that our government spend more money on research, lest the Germans win the race; and he glibly mentioned important names in atomic research, such as Dr. Lise Meitner, Dr. Enrico Fermi, Dr. Alfred O. Neir, and Dr. Neils Bohr, that are only now, in these later, dramatic days, becoming as familiar to newspaper readers as the names of movie actors and baseball players. Some months ago, when the War Department believed that the atomic bomb was on the verge of being perfected and had decided to try it out on Japan, it selected Laurence as the person to explain to the public in layman's language, when the time came, what was going on. In this work he was among old friends, such as Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence, the Nobel Prize winner who invented the cyclotron, and Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the director of the government's atomic laboratory in New Mexico. It is ironical that Dr. Oppenheimer, famous for a theory that attempted to explain the creation of matter out of nonmaterial rays, should be a leader in the atomic reversal of the process. In December, 1933, in the *Times*, Laurence said that Oppenheimer's theory was "an intellectual 'bridge' linking the material and the nonmaterial, and explains how something possessing no dimensions may assume three-dimensional existence" and went on to describe an experiment in which nonmaterial gamma rays from thorium C, fired at terrific speed at the heart of an atom, somehow disappeared and pairs of material particles, each composed of a positive and negative electron, came flying out in their place. This may have been the first time that matter had been created out of energy by man, but newspaper readers were not as taken with this news as they were later with the news that atomic energy could be created out of matter; i.e., that a large city could be vaporized by a few young men in a plane.

On that Monday fourteen weeks ago, Laurence simply didn't show up at his office in the *Times*. Except for the War Department, no one but his wife and Edwin L. James, managing editor of the *Times*, knew that he had been hustled away on a top-secret Army assignment, and not even they knew what it was. What it was, of course, was the biggest news story in the history of the world. At various points west of Manhattan, he was set to work by the War Department forehandedly writing releases that were to be the background material for the millions of words that are at the moment educating, fascinating, bewildering, and scaring the hell out of the country.

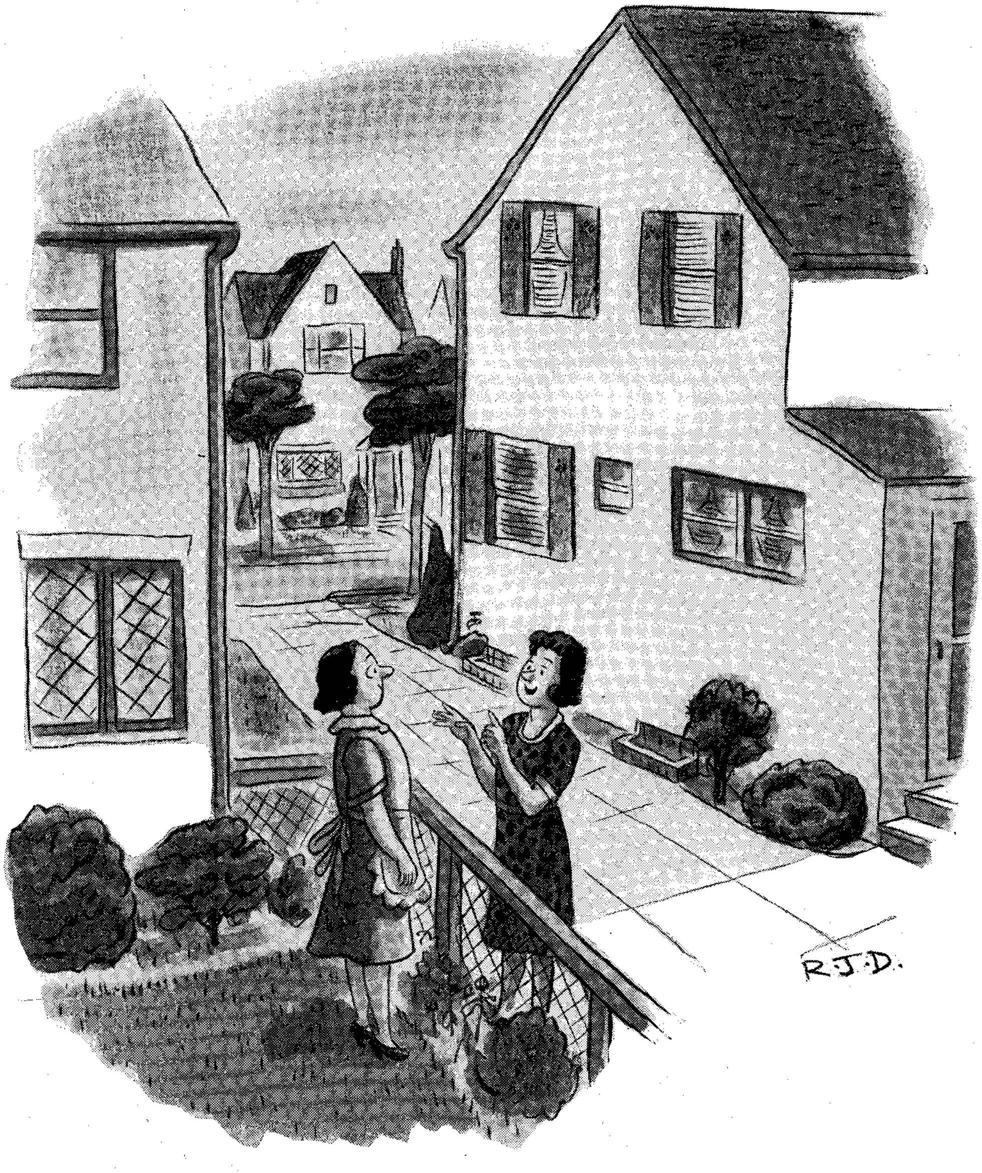
ONE of the notable aspects of twentieth-century journalism is the tendency of solvent metropolitan newspaper publishers to put more and more specialists on their reportorial staffs. The conventional news gatherers are covering a territory that is more and more limited, and the general reporter is fast becoming as rare as the general store. Practically every subject is now dealt with by specialized chroniclers, and the tendency has spread so grotesquely that dogged readers now find their daily résumés of Elsa Maxwell's protean hospitality hanging ponderously from the byline of the lady herself. It is therefore not surprising that in the physical sciences, a phase of contemporary life that is one of the most important if least publicized of all, there exists, in Laurence, the perfect example of a reporter inseparably fused with his special field of coverage. It is not unlikely that someday he will be chiefly remembered not as a reporter but as a scientist; in fact, he has already achieved a status a good deal like that of Sir Wilmott H. Lewis, who came to Washington many years ago as a reporter for the London *Times* and is now regarded as a quotable elder statesman of the British Empire.

The daily press used to be both ignorant and suspicious of science, and generally avoided having to cope with it by ignoring it. Even the most significant scientific developments were slighted. The invention of the telegraph left the newspapers, which were later so heavily to depend on it, editorially bored, and when the telephone came along it evoked such comment as that of the Dallas *News*, which said smugly, "We must admit our incredulity is put to rather a strong test." Not a single reporter was present at the Wright brothers' first flight; the Chicago *Tribune*, showing even in 1903 a wondrous talent for steering a straight course of reaction, declined even to mention the preposterous goings on at Kitty Hawk. Newspapers touched on science only when they found a chance to poke fun at the absent-mindedness of its professors or to hint at strange new discoveries in the field of sex. Not until the last war broke out and the effectiveness of its weapons became evident did scientists get any respectful treatment, and even then relations between them and the press were not cordial, because nine-tenths of the time interviewers had no idea what their interviewees were talking about. Laurence is one of the men who have brought science and the newspapers together. Since 1926, when he began reporting science for the *World*, he has absorbed so much of it, and so rapidly, that he occasionally has to talk down to a scientist to put him at his ease.

Even up to ten days ago, many newspaper editors still thought science was a news source only when a laboratory blew up or an eminent scholar made a fool of himself trying to repair his grandson's electric train. Albert Einstein miscounting his change was better journalistic material than Albert Einstein expanding the universe. The movies did a little toward impressing the public with the usefulness of laboratory experiment, but then they had the advantage of being able to show Don Ameche puttering around in a smock. However, despite all the professional handicaps, Laurence persuaded his employers to print a great many important scoops, scoops that might have seemed more spectacular to the reading public if it had not been so jaded by futuristic comic strips and wild-eyed Sunday supplement stories that it couldn't accept merely sensational fact as a substitute for absolutely staggering fancy. The announcement of the atomic bomb has probably given science a bit more prestige with both the press and the public, and if there should be another war, he and journalists like him may replace old-school military experts who are accustomed to thinking about destruction in terms of such puny weapons as B-29s, V-2s, jet-propelled fighters, and sixteen-inch guns.

Laurence operates on a lofty professional level. In 1940, when he was being awarded a fellowship of the American Institute of the City of New York for "a long-sustained preëminent record of reporting brilliantly to the daily press the achievements of science and technology," someone said of him that man ranks fourth among the subjects he covers on his newspaper beat. Man, in his estimate, was preceded by the atom, the star, and the earth, in that order. Laurence has nevertheless managed to write about such enormous subjects in understandable journalistic language, and now and then, in the rôle of interpreter, he has aroused men of science to a fuller comprehension of the meaning of their own data. Early in 1934, as a matter of routine, he covered a lecture delivered here before the American Physical Society by Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin, inventor of the iconoscope and then engaged in research for the Radio Corporation of America. Dr. Zworykin outlined a new system of television in which the iconoscope would be an important part. Laurence, who had reported on Dr. Zworykin's scheme in the *Times* eight months before, got him aside after the meeting and asked for a little up-to-date iconoscopic intelligence. Dr. Zworykin casually mentioned an idea he had for a television super-microscope, capable of magnifying an object a hundred thousand times. Laurence happily wrote about it for the *Times*. The story appeared on a Sunday, and on Monday Dr. Zworykin was summoned before some of the officials of R.C.A., who wanted to know why, while working for them, he had withheld from them a valuable invention that was being splashed all over the papers. Dr. Zworykin protested that he had told the company all about the super-microscope months earlier, and some checking up revealed that he had. No one, it seems, had realized what he was talking about. Laurence's simplified exposition set the officials straight. Apologies were offered, appropriations for further research were voted, and just four years later the finished instrument was ready. Laurence described it, with modest objectivity, on the front page of the *Times*.

Laurence, whose readable contribu-

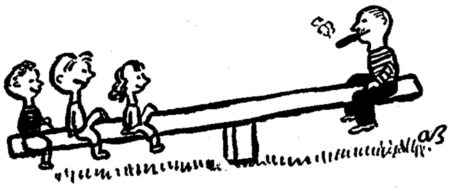


*". . . and cut it into small cubes. If you can't get beef, then try lamb or veal. Then take butter, but if you can't get butter use oleomargarine, and if you can't get oleomargarine, peanut oil will do. Then take the butter or the oleomargarine or the peanut oil and put it in a large pot. Add salt and pepper and a half cup of sugar. If you can't get sugar use a cup of corn syrup. If you can't . . ."*

tions to science won him a share of the Pulitzer Prize for reporting in 1936, has the faculty of being able to explain almost anything. In a lengthy twentieth-anniversary report to his classmates of the Harvard class of 1912, many of whom he tutored through college, he permitted himself to write subjectively on his career. “I have been covering news in the realm of science, from astronomy to zoology and intermediate points,” he said, inclusively. “The infinitesimal and the infinite, from metagalaxies to microbes, constitute my present domain. I report news about the Einstein relativity and unified field theories, quantum mechanics, the cosmic ray, and the nucleus of the atom. I annihilate the universe with Eddington and Jeans and put it together again with Millikan. If you want to know about genes and chromosomes, enzymes, hormones, vitamins, electrons, protons, photons, neutrons, and morons,” he wound up collegiately, “read the New York *Times*.”

Laurence is a small, dark man of fifty-seven with a flattened nose and a wild shock of hair. He lives with his wife and a dachshund named Einstein in a five-room apartment on the fifth floor of an apartment house on Seventy-second Street, close to the East River. He has an unbridled passion for rivers and has taken full advantage of his proximity to one. Only two of his rooms overlook the water, but all of the rest have windows from which it is visible. To multiply his favorite view, he has installed a series of scientifically arranged mirrors all through the premises. No matter where you are in his house and no matter in which direction you look, you see the river. Laurence has a large collection of books, among them autographed first editions of all the works of James Joyce, who concealed the names of some five hundred rivers in “Finnegans Wake.” There are naturally many scientific works, too, most of them suitably inscribed by authors who know a good reader when they see one. “To a man who took the trouble and did have the intelligence to understand and see the implications of the new approach in the research of the mind, with admiration and greetings,” Dr. Manfred Sakel, the author of “The Pharmacological Shock Treatment of Schizophrenia,” affectionately scribbled on the flyleaf of his book.

Perhaps the most splendid of all Laurence’s possessions is a portrait of himself by Leo Katz, an Austrian, now teaching art at Brooklyn College, who came to this country some years ago at the invitation of Frank Vanderlip to paint the banker’s family, and, having finished that agreeable task along conventional lines, ventured into somewhat more symbolical portraiture. He depicted Laurence, for instance, as the universal mind. A large, ennobled likeness of the reporter extends high into a bright-blue sky. An art critic who is an acquaintance of Laurence’s once essayed to catalogue some of the other interesting details of the portrait. “On the forehead plays a light meant to represent thought,” he wrote. “The eyes are serene, and an attempt has been made to give them the wisdom of Spinoza and the philosopher’s confidence that intellect eventually will triumph. To the right of the head are mathematical symbols representing the three great concepts of the universe that summarize all intellectual progress in the time that man has existed on earth: Einstein’s formula for matter, energy, and time; Planck’s constant; and Heisenberg’s principle of uncertainty.”



Laurence is fond of gadgets, and among those that clutter up his apartment is an intellectually unclassifiable

# HOMECOMING

Lost in the vastness of the void Pacific,
My thousand days of exile, pain,
Bid me farewell. Gone is the Southern Cross
To her own sky, fallen a continent
Under the wave, dissolved the bitterest isles
In their salt element,
And here upon the deck the mist encloses
My smile that would light up all darkness
And ask forgiveness of the things that thrust
Shame and all death on millions and on me.

We bring no raw materials from the East
But green-skinned men in blue-lit holds
And lunatics impounded between-decks;
The mighty ghoul ship that we ride exhales
The sickly sweet stench of humiliation,
And even the majority, untouched by steel
Or psychoneurosis, stare with eyes in rut,
Their hands a rabble to snatch the riches
Of glittering shops and girls.

Because I am angry at the kindness, which
Is both habitual and contradictory
To the life of armies, now I stand alone
And hate the swarms of khaki men that crawl
Like lice upon the wrinkled hide of earth,
Infesting ships as well. Not otherwise
Could I lean outward, piercing fog, to find
Our sacred bridge of exile and return.
My tears are psychological, not poems
To the United States; my smile is prayer.

Gnawing the thin slops of anxiety,
Escorted by the ground swell and by gulls,
In silence and with mystery we enter
The territorial waters. Not till then
Does that convulsive terrible joy, more sudden
And brilliant than the explosion of a ship,
Shatter the tensions of the heaven and sea
To crush a hundred thousand skulls
And liberate in that high burst of love
The imprisoned souls of soldiers and of me.

—Karl Shapiro

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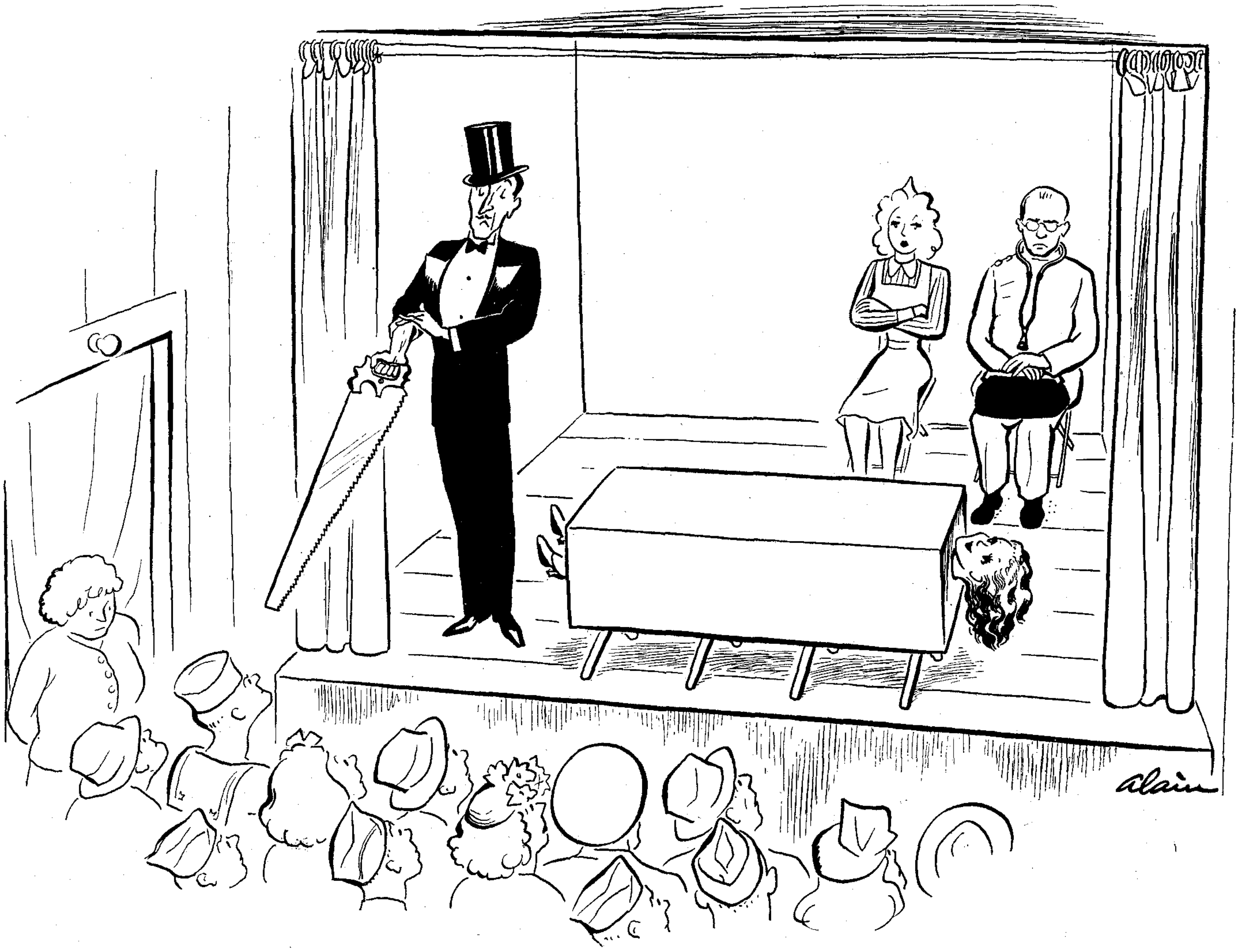
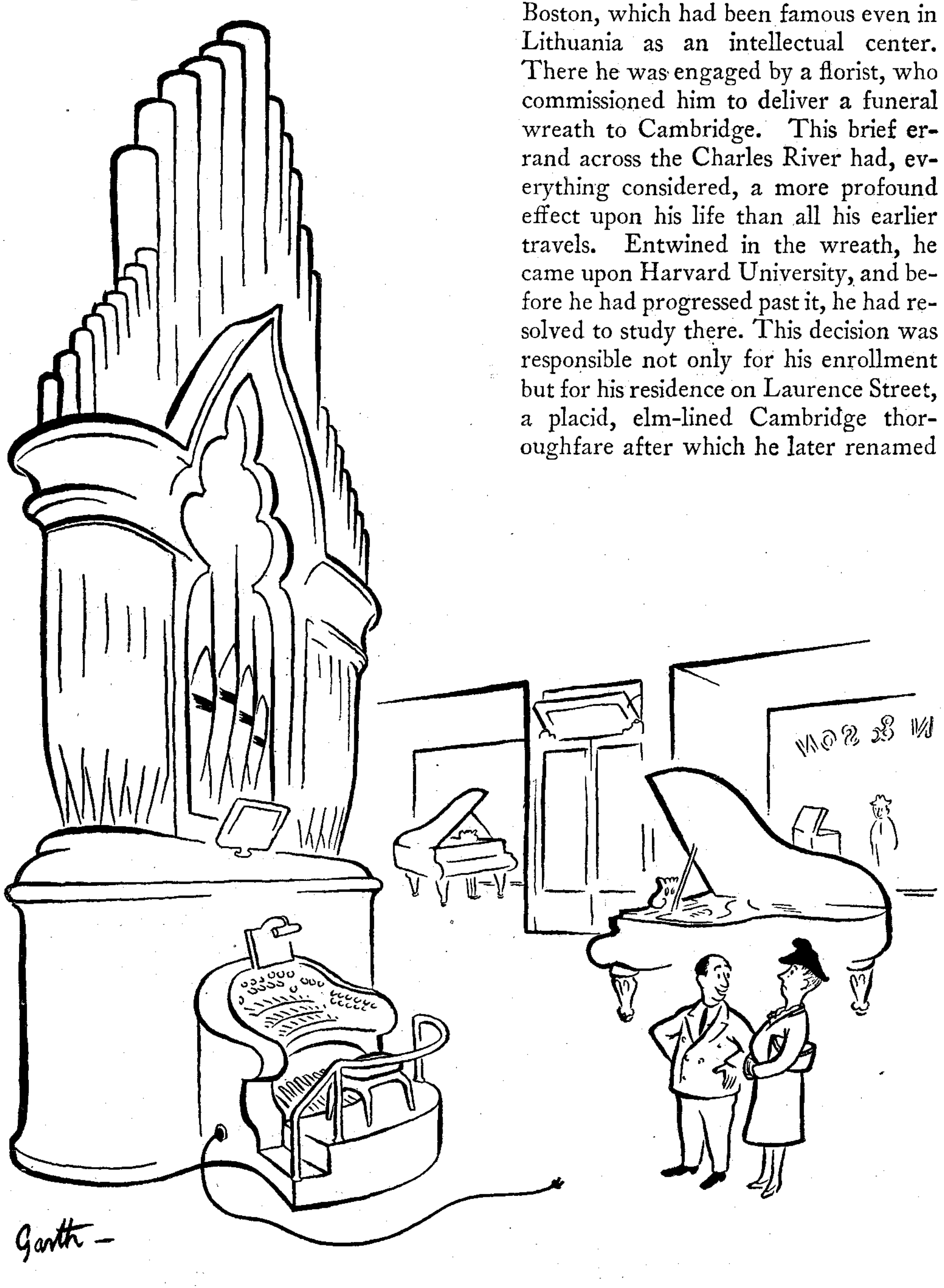


alarm clock that, instead of merely ringing or buzzing, breaks shudderingly into "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning." This morbid sound arouses him at eight-thirty every morning, and from then on he follows a ritual. He takes a bath in which he starts off in hot water and ends up in cold. Next he prepares his breakfast: a mixture of the juices of half a grapefruit, one lemon, one lime, and three teaspoonfuls of bottled apple juice, which is followed by two cups of black, sugarless coffee. He tops this off with a Vitamin B complex tablet, a hundred-milligram tablet of ascorbic acid (Vitamin C), two cod-liver concentrate tablets (Vitamins A and D), and a hundred-milligram tablet of paraminobenzoic acid, an anti-gray-hair vitamin he says has kept his gray-flecked brown hair from getting grayer. At one-thirty, before going to work for the *Times*, he has another scientific little meal: two raw eggs beaten up with milk and slightly salted, followed by another course of assorted vitamins. His only other meal of the day is late at night—vegetables, very rare meat, raw fruit, and vitamins. He never eats pastry or pie. The diet is high in proteins and low in carbohydrates, and practically none of it gets cooked. "No one knows what happens to proteins when they are cooked," he says darkly.

Reluctantly leaving the river, Laurence walks to the *Times* office after his second helping of pills and sits down behind a deskful of scientific and technological journals. He rarely gets specific assignments from the editors, perhaps because they don't dare decide what to assign him to. Waldemar Kaempffert, the science expert who writes a column for the Sunday *Times* and has the title of science editor, works quite independently of him. Laurence attends most of the important scientific meetings in New York and around the country in search of material. When he has no meetings to go to, he pores over the publications on his desk, searching for leads. One of his best is the letters-to-the-editor column of the *Physical Review*. Through this medium, scientists who think they are on the brink of something hot frequently present their theories, as a sort of informal and professionally respected way of taking out a patent, months in advance of announcing detailed findings that have been confirmed by tests. Laurence reads these letters carefully and has been rewarded by many exclusive stories. A few lines in a 1940 number of the *Review*, about the successful efforts to isolate Uranium 235, set him on the track of the story of the actual splitting of its atom and led to his historic article in the May 5, 1940 *Times*, in which he was able to announce, "A natural substance found abundantly in many parts of the earth, now separated for the first time in pure form, has been found in pioneer experiments at the Physics department of Columbia University to be capable of yielding such energy that one pound of it is equal in power output to 5,000,000 pounds of coal or 3,000,000 pounds of gasoline, it became known yesterday." It was in this article, too, that Laurence illustratively tossed in the prediction that "a chunk of five to ten pounds of the new substance, a close relative of uranium and known as U-235, would drive an ocean liner for an indefinite period around the oceans without refueling." This is only one of several such predictions made by Laurence that in the past week have been hauled out by feature writers, rehashed, and turned into the first clichés of the Atomic Age.

LAURENCE was born in 1888, in Salantai, Lithuania, then (as it now is again) a part of Russia, to parents who bore the family name of Siew. They were devout orthodox Jews, but their son, showing an early intellectual independence, became a vigorous freethinker at the age of ten. A couple of years later, a friend gave him a book that speculated on the possibility of a civilization on Mars, and young Siew was so impressed that he decided to go to the United States when he was old enough, because from there, he rather arbitrarily thought, he might most easily be able to establish contact with that planet. His opportunity to leave Russia came suddenly, when he was seventeen. It was, in fact, thrust upon him; a political purge forced him to leave Salantai. He began his emigration concealed in a hogshead on the back of a cart. He stopped briefly in Berlin. There, an observation he chanced to make on the shape of the Kaiser's mustache was overheard by some patriots, who ushered him firmly to the Swiss border.



"*You just plug it in anywhere.*"

After a comparatively peaceful stay in Switzerland, he came on to the United States. He landed in Hoboken in 1905 with only fifty cents in his pockets. He worked in a Brooklyn textile factory until he had train fare to Boston, which had been famous even in Lithuania as an intellectual center. There he was engaged by a florist, who commissioned him to deliver a funeral wreath to Cambridge. This brief errand across the Charles River had, everything considered, a more profound effect upon his life than all his earlier travels. Entwined in the wreath, he came upon Harvard University, and before he had progressed past it, he had resolved to study there. This decision was responsible not only for his enrollment but for his residence on Laurence Street, a placid, elm-lined Cambridge thoroughfare after which he later renamed himself, and for practically everything else that has happened to him since. He entered Harvard in 1908. It was seven years before he was graduated; he had to take time off to earn some money after two years. During his career at Harvard, he got himself naturalized, in 1913. Toward the end of his seventh year, he began to acquire both money and scholarly fame when a couple of football players who had admired his diligence in a philosophy course through which they had dozed the whole semester asked him to refresh their memories a couple of nights before an examination. Laurence, who stood in awe of athletes, was flattered and agreeable. When his two pupils arrived, they brought along forty-eight husky comrades. Laurence grouped them on the lawn beneath his window and delivered an inspiring lecture that lasted for six hours. The four dozen football players were overwhelmed by his knowledge; they insisted on paying him five dollars apiece and making another date for the next night. A man who could so profitably command the attention of such normally uncoöperative minds could not remain unknown for long. Right after his commencement, Laurence was approached by the Roxbury School, which proposed opening a Cambridge branch and appointing him director. He accepted. He tutored chiefly in philosophy, psychology, and the history of Russian literature, and he engaged several of the brighter undergraduate minds at Harvard to help out in other fields. One of the minds was that of James Bryant Conant, a promising chemistry student. The Laurence branch was highly successful, but it ceased operations in 1917 when he enlisted in the Army.

Laurence went to France with the 301st Field Signal Battalion, where he was set to work intercepting and deciphering German wireless code messages. He also engaged in some modest psychological warfare, composing invitations to the Germans to surrender and partake of lavish repasts. These bids to the enemy contained rather imaginative menus and were dropped over the lines by airplanes. After the armistice, he received fleeting attention when he went A.W.O.L., informally liberated the city of Metz, and occupied it for five days, until Marshal Pétain arrived to relieve him. Then he went to school for a while, at government expense, in France. He returned to this country in the summer of 1919, and went back to Cambridge, where he collected his soldier's bonus from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and with it founded

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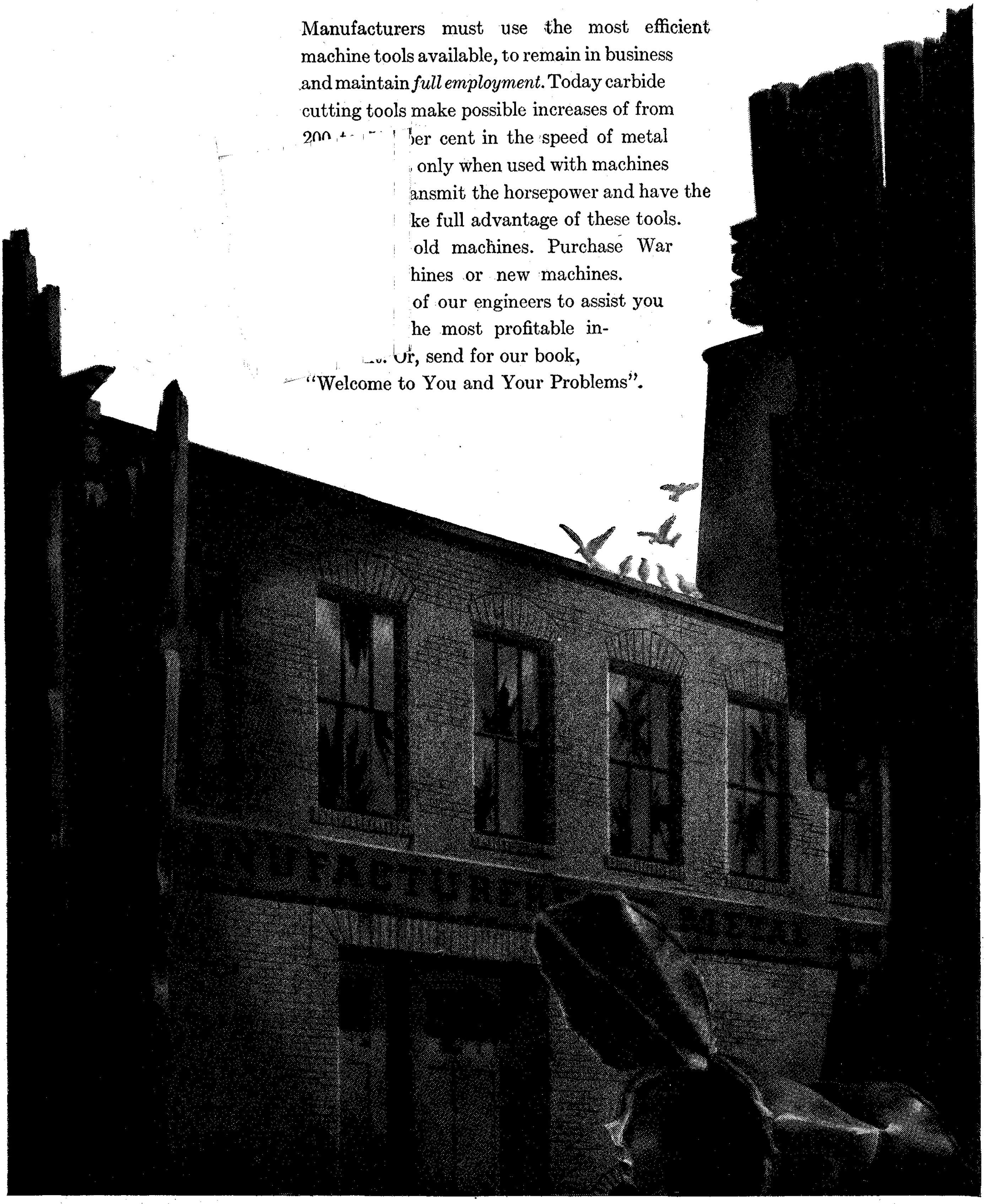

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another institution of learning adjoining Harvard, the Mt. Auburn Tutoring School. It was an instant success, and the impression got around that he was duplicating the curriculum next door, all except the nonessentials. In 1921, Harvard, showing signs of strain and morally bolstered in its attitude by rumors that bootleg whiskey was flowing through Mt. Auburn's halls of learning, indicated its disple its rival. Laurence gallantly closed his school and enrolled in Harvard as a law student.

Before long Laurence transferred to Boston University. He got his degree in law in 1925, passed his state bar examination, then decided he didn't want to be and set out for New York, whe checked in at the Mills Hotel, broke. The Harvard football captain wired him there that he was needed in Cambridge to ensure the eligibility of several philosophy-of-religion students against Yale, but he declined to return. While staying at the Mills, Laurence read in the society column of a newspaper he had borrowed from the sole of a neighbor's shoe that one of his New York ex-students had married a young lady of social renown. Laurence, who, after all, was a Harvard man, automatically telephoned his congratulations. The bridegroom insisted on sending a Rolls-Royce to the Mills to pick Laurence and his baggage up and bring them to his home. He was driven, Cinderella-like, straight to a party attended by Harold S. Vanderbilt, a cluster of Whitneys, and Herbert Bayard Swope, then editor of the *World*. Swope invited the whole company to adjourn to his home at Sands Point, where Laurence, confused by champagne and intoxicated by the excitement, found himself simultaneously chatting with Ethel Barrymore and involved in a question-and-answer game of the kind his host was celebrated for winning. Several of the contestants complained pettishly that Laurence was paying more attention to the actress than to the mental competition, but when the scores were tabulated, it was discovered that Swope had finished second and Laurence first. Swope came up and hovered over him. "Who are you," he demanded, "and why?" Laurence, deftly blending apology with autobiography, mentioned, in the course of his answer, the fact that he was unemployed, and Swope, perhaps feeling that such a prodigy should not roam unchecked, hired him as a reporter for the *World*.

Laurence's journalistic career began unpromisingly. Mr. Swope turned him over to the city editor, who, not having hired him and not having participated in the question-and-answer game, received him without enthusiasm. Other members of the editorial staff soon began to circulate the base rumor that he had been a Harvard professor, a species then as little loved by *World* men as it was later by Republicans. Most of his arly assignments involved inding needles in haystacks. He was told to track down an obscure Russian spy and annoyed his editor by escorting the fellow into the city room an hour and a half later. It seemed that a former stu is was an F.B.I. official. He was find out why Maurice Heckscher, the philanthropist's son, had a black eye, and he did so with equally exasperating dispatch. It seemed that a former student of his was a close friend of young Heckscher's. And so it went. Laurence's assignments, however, were unsatisfying to him because they were no more scientific than a Coney Island sideshow and his journalistic ambitions already led in the direction of science. The question of when he was to take the road he wanted to take was settled for him fortuitously when Ralph Renaud, managing editor of the *World*, met Percy MacKaye, the poet, at the Players Club one evening at dinner time and heard that Percy's brother, James MacKaye, a Dartmouth professor, was to appear before the American Philosophical Association at Columbia University the next day and read a paper that would, Percy said, explode the Einstein theory. Renaud decided to make an effort to have the demolition suitably reported. He assigned Laurence to the story in the conviction that, whereas no one else on the paper could conceivably understand the subject, Laurence's erudition might give him a chance. Professor MacKaye's thesis, an involved excursion into higher mathematics, thoroughly bewildered Laurence, but, questioning the scholar for a couple of hours after the lecture, he got the idea and wrote an impressive story, which appeared the next day in the *World*. He thought no further of the episode until several months afterward, when, wearying of the *World*, he arranged an interview with Frederick T. Birchall, then acting managing editor of the *Times*, and presented that gentleman with a batch of his clippings. The science story caught Birchall's attention. He remembered that the

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Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
*with* John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto
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A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
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Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
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NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre
ELLIOTT NUGENT • MARTHA SCOTT • VICKI CUMMINGS
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
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by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

LELAND HAYWARD presents
FREDRIC MARCH
in
A Bell for Adano
by PAUL OSBORN
from JOHN HERSEY'S
Pulitzer Prize Winning Novel
with MARGO
Directed by H. C. POTTER
CORT Thea., W. 48th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY"
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Dear Ruth
A New Comedy
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Directed by MOSS HART
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Luba MALINA
WINTER GARDEN B'way and 50th St. | AIR-CONDITIONED
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RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with FRANCES HEFLIN
MUSIC BOX, Air-Cond., W. 45 St., Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

*Times*, which felt that it had discovered Einstein, had been miserably scooped on the MacKaye lecture because no one on the staff was qualified to make it fit to print. He hired Laurence as a science reporter. That was fifteen years ago, and Laurence hasn't covered a nonscientific story since.

MANY of our leading scientists, immersed in interminable experiments, are often far too preoccupied to hear much about what is going on outside their laboratories. The result is that they frequently don't let fellow-workers know about some important discovery they may have made while searching for something else. Laurence does what he can to make up for their thoughtlessness. He has a prodigious memory for scientific detail, and may remember that a man of learning he talked to years before was seeking a certain bit of knowledge that another professor has just stumbled on. Laurence tries to relate all new discoveries to the general advance of the physical sciences. He recalls that the art of printing kicked around for centuries without getting anywhere, because nobody had bothered to publicize it, and perhaps his greatest contribution to human welfare is his reduction of the time lag between scientific discoveries and their useful application. His ability quickly to understand new developments enabled him to write the first daily-press stories about penicillin and many of the sulfa drugs, and a modest hint of his to the Squibb Company led to the experiments that produced sulfadiazine. His interpretive skill has enabled him to compose thoughtful articles which appeared under headlines that would have been laughed off as fantasy in lesser journals—"Life Is Generated in Scientist's Tube," for instance, or "Life Is Created Without Parents." Journalists with a narrower point of view might be inclined to relate such themes merely to the pattern of human behavior, but Laurence thinks of them in broader terms—such as, say, their effect on animal breeding and thus, in turn, the world's food supply.

Laurence once composed a sedate article that the *Times* ran under the headline "Chemist Sees Age of Methuselahs." To the extent that an increase in man's span of life depends on the progress of medical science, Laurence himself stands a good chance of producing those Methuselahs. His chief achievement as a scientific theorist came about as the result of a conference on cancer so dull that he could not work

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—A Hilton Hotel—
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BLOOMER GIRL
NANETTE FABRAY JOAN McCRACKEN DAVID BROOKS DOOLEY WILSON
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up even a routine story out of it. After it had adjourned, he walked home with a surgeon who told him about some seemingly incurable sufferers from cancer who had recovered after contracting erysipelas. He later learned that some years before a doctor who was curious about this apparent neutralization of cancer by a much milder disease had decided to experiment on a few hopeless cancer cases by injecting erysipelas toxins into the sufferers. The experiment was inconclusive. Laurence, who has the scientist's virtue of patience, brooded on and off about both incidents for seven years. One morning in 1941, while he was shaving, a few uncoördinated facts clicked together in his mind. He recalled a story he had written about biotin, the most powerful growth-promoting vitamin in the human body and in other organisms, including bacteria. Biotin is also the growth element in the yolk of an egg. The effect of biotin in a normal egg is balanced by the effect of avidin, an antivitamin substance found, logically enough, in the whites of eggs. Rats injected with avidin, Laurence recalled, had broken out with an eczema a good deal like erysipelas. Putting two and about fourteen together, he concluded that diseases such as cancer and erysipelas were perhaps nourished by biotin, that cancer could be starved out if erysipelas ate the biotin in the body, and that, rather than infect cancer patients with erysipelas or some other dangerous competing disease, they might be injected with enough avidin to more than counteract the biotin on which their cancer had been murderously feeding. By that time, the lather had dried on his face and he had to start shaving all over again.

This theory, tentatively set forth by Laurence in the professional journal *Science* under the restrained title of "Induced Biotin Deficiency as a Possible Explanation of Observed Spontaneous Recessions in Malignancy," induced one of his wealthier friends to contribute three thousand dollars for experiments on the subject in a New York hospital. Several hopeless cancer patients were fed large quantities of egg white, with remarkably encouraging results. Laurence's theory has aroused considerable enthusiasm among medical men, and a more conclusive test now merely awaits the discovery of a practical means of providing patients with avidin in sufficient quantities. It has been estimated that to stop the growth of cancer, a man would have to take a hundred egg whites a day, since no method has been found for producing avidin synthetically and egg whites cannot be concentrated without destroying the effectiveness of the avidin.

The net result of Laurence's speculation on this matter is that, in an age practically dedicated to the vitamin, it may turn out that an antivitamin, after all, has enormous potentialities as a restorative of health. Laurence sees human life as a struggle between biotin and avidin, a struggle in which health is the perfect balance between these conflicting substances. In advocating this theory as a scientist, Laurence did not forget his obligations as a reporter. In June of 1941, a month before his argument appeared in *Science*, he presented some of it, in lay language, to his *Times* readers under the headline " 'Gyroscope' Held to Balance Life by Stabilizing Body's Mechanics." The story was long and full of information on research in biotin and avidin. Not until near the end of it did he get around to mentioning his hypothesis—for which he took no credit—that a possible cure for cancer lay in artificial alterations of the balance between the two powerful substances.

ON the evening of Monday, August 6, 1945, after thirteen weeks of silence, the *Times*, without realizing it, finally heard from Laurence. There arrived in the office the long, fantastic War Department release, anonymously written by Laurence and others, that described the first test of the atomic bomb and that began, "Mankind's successful transition to a new age, the Atomic Age, was ushered in July 16, 1945, before the eyes of a tense group of renowned scientists and military men gathered in the desert lands of New Mexico to witness the first results of their $2,000,000,000 effort." These were significant words, and no one could have been more aware than Laurence of exactly what they signified for the future, or non-future, of the human race.

—ROBERT SIMPSON

•

## ONCE A LADY ALWAYS A LADY DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Wine of San Lorenzo," by Herbert Gorman*]

She began to disrobe in the most casual manner, dropping her red skirt and tattered petticoat and pulling the white chemisette over her head. For a moment she stood clad solely in India cotton knee-length drawers, and then, leaning against the stone, she drew them off. When she walked down to the water and dabbled a foot in the shallow stream he knew that she was not naked. She was nude.

# OF ALL THINGS

EVERYBODY is praying that men intelligent enough to invent the atomic bomb will have sense enough to know how to use it. Otherwise we shall have to admit that the atom was opened by mistake.

•

Brigadier General Farrell has shown us how quickly history becomes ancient these days. The bomb that dropped on Nagasaki, he says, was far superior to the old-fashioned Hiroshima model.

•

It is obvious that the proprietors of the revolutionary weapon do not intend to share it with everybody. Certainly casual acquaintances will not be invited to drop in and split an atom with us.

•

The entrance of Russia into the fight must have convinced any doubtful Japs that they had lost themselves a war. Russia's move brought Japan's total of enemies up to thirty-five and its total of friends down to zero.

•

We are warned that not all the blessings of peace will come immediately after Japan's surrender. However, if the casualty lists can be abolished, the other blessings can wait.

•

Let us have pity on our unhappy congressmen. They were just beginning to rest up from their war job when they were called back to take up peace work.

•

Senators Wagner and Mead have issued a statement condemning Bilbo's insults to the racial minorities. Like a great many other people, these two statesmen do not seem to enjoy the Mississippian's nutlike flavor.

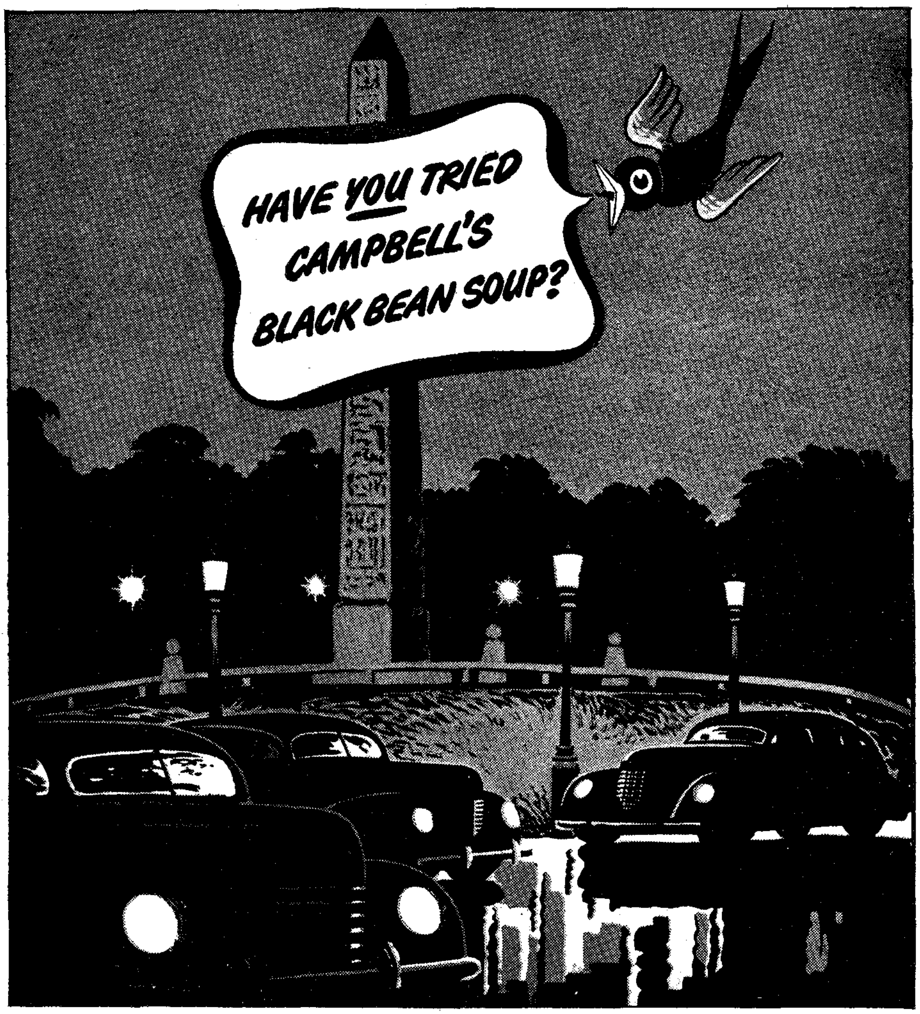
•

It seems unlikely that Newbold Morris's candidacy will have any decisive effect upon the New York election. Scoffers say that the No Deal Party is going out on nothing but a pun and a prayer.

•

The Chinese will be very happy to be among those present when the Allies occupy Japan. After all, the Chinese have always wanted to repay the long visit the Japanese made them.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER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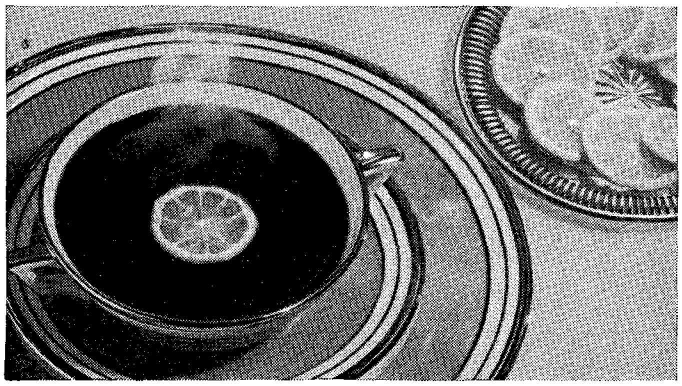
And you spent every happy day in the spicy company of epicures, you'd hardly meet with a dish more delightful than Campbell's Black Bean Soup. Smooth as a chef's dream and seasoned to a delicate perfection, it's a soup to start spoons ... and compliments ... every time it comes to table. Better make a note now, you who delight in fine food. Plan to try this smart soup soon. Your grocer is headquarters for it.

Campbell's BLACK BEAN SOUP

P. S. Some like to float a slice of lemon on it.



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# THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL

WE had not received mail for five months. It was no one's fault; our little Navy ship was on the go so much that the mail just couldn't catch up with her. Every time we got into port, the mail orderly went ashore with the heaving lines, and each time he came walking back toward the ship with a limp sack on his shoulder. As the months went by with no word from home, I could see that the strain was beginning to show on all of us. There were forty-eight of us aboard, and inevitably the lapse of mail had caught a few of us in some crisis in our lives. The chief boatswain's mate's wife was about to have a baby when he left. By now, if everything had gone all right, the baby must be almost five months old and, as the chief once told me bitterly, must be either a boy or a girl. His attitude had changed a lot during the five months. When he had come aboard, he had talked almost continually about his forthcoming issue. As the days went by, he mentioned the subject less and less, and during the fifth month he did not talk about it at all.

The quartermaster had been having trouble with his wife and was afraid that she would divorce him. I think he loved his wife and was very much worried. He told me once that he had had no business marrying above his station in life. All his wife's male relations were officers, he said, except her brother, who was a private in the Army. In the last letter he had received from her, she had said that she was considering leaving him. The quartermaster and the chief boatswain's mate were the two whom the lack of mail hurt most. Then there were five or six newly married youngsters who were in the sort of continual emotional crisis that a barely consummated marriage brings and that only a steady stream of letters can soothe. The rest of us just wanted mail the way a man in a strange land wants to see a familiar face.

It was, therefore, quite an event when, after five months, the mail orderly came running down to the ship at a port we had put into and said that not only was there mail but it would be necessary to arrange for a truck to bring it down to us. As commanding officer, I went myself to telephone Transportation, but I was told that no truck was available. Just as I was coming back to the ship to tell the crew that they would have to wait a little longer, the port director arrived in his jeep with some official messages. When I explained the situation to him, he agreed not only to let us use his jeep as a mail truck but to drive it himself. With the help of two seamen, we took the top down, and the director set off. Within an hour the jeep returned, so loaded down with sacks of mail that it looked like a hay wagon.

The whole crew turned out to hustle the mail aboard. I had expected to see a great deal of boisterousness and gaiety, and I was surprised to find that an almost worried silence prevailed. The men formed a line and passed the mail sacks aboard with the care, hurry, and perturbed lack of comment that they might have displayed if they were passing full buckets of water to a fire. It seemed to me that the wardroom was the best place to sort the mail, so I ordered it piled there. When all the sacks had been stacked around the wardroom table, there was barely room for the yeoman and me to sit down and do the sorting. The crew jammed the passageway outside and a few even pushed into the wardroom. They kept their caps on, but it was not, I felt, a moment to insist upon the refinements of military discipline. A machinist's mate appeared with a pair of pliers to tear off the wire-and-lead seal at the neck of every bag. The yeoman and I waited while he opened the first one. The wire on it was tough, and he had to twist it many times before it broke. Then he pulled open the mouth of the bag, lifted the bag over the table, and spilled out in front of us a cascade of brightly colored air-mail envelopes. I looked up and saw that the door to the wardroom was jammed with men's heads. There were the heads of people kneeling, people crouching, and people standing, so many heads at so many levels that no bodies could be seen. The effect was rather weird. Everyone's eyes were searching the letters on the table. No one put his hand out toward the letters, but there was in the eyes of the men a look one sees in the eyes of a well-trained dog looking at a forbidden piece of meat.

The yeoman and I quickly sorted the mail, one pile for the deck force, one for the black gang, and one for the smaller departments. Each pile was given to a chief petty officer, who, followed by his men, retired to the deck to conduct a routine mail call. After that, as each sack was sorted, we handed the petty officers further piles of mail. It seemed more reasonable not to make the men wait until we had been through all the bags and sorted everything, including the official mail. The result was that many small mail calls were held, and there was a good deal of confusion and suspense as the men opened their letters out of the sequence in which they had been written. If a man didn't get a letter in one mail call, he had only to wait five minutes for another.

AT last all the mail sacks were empty and I went to my cabin to read my own letters. When, half an hour later, I went on deck, I found the crew dispersed all over the ship. Each man was sitting alone, with a pile of letters beside him. The desire for privacy was so great that men were sitting in out-of-the-way places. I saw men in a lifeboat and on the gun platform, and one man had retired with his letters to the crow's nest. For the better part of an hour there was no conversation. Looking at the intent faces of the readers, I realized that, to promote a mutiny, all I would have to do would be to call the men to cleaning stations at that moment.

At the end of an hour the tenseness had lessened, and the men began to forsake their isolated spots. Friends drifted together. It surprised me to see the politeness with which each man examined any photograph handed to him. Almost everyone had received a photograph of some member of his family. One little seaman was walking around the deck, stopping everyone who came along to show him a picture of his wife. "Very nice," I heard a bearded gunner's mate say to him. "She sure is pretty." There was also a great deal of reading aloud from letters. From what I could hear, most of the quotations were not very startling or witty, but they were all accorded a respectful attention. This atmosphere of brotherhood and peace lasted the rest of the day, and it was a long while before I heard the customary language of the deck.

I went back to the office to have a look at some of the official mail. While I was tearing open the envelopes, the chief boatswain's mate came in and told me that he was the father of "a daughter who's going to grow up to be the prettiest girl in Pennsylvania—and the hardest to get!"

I didn't hear from the quartermaster till next day. Then he came to my cabin to ask about legal aid. There had been no letter from his wife for him, but the divorce papers, with a short note from her lawyer, had come in his mail. "Well," he said, "it's nice to be certain, anyway. Those five months not knowing what was happening were tough."

—SLOAN WILSON

FLIGHT FORUM

After Chicago tried vainly for years to bring the Atlantic to its door via the St. Lawrence Seaway, five men in Washington signed a piece of paper and lifted the Windy City, plus Detroit and Washington, into the class of transatlantic ports.

• • •

That paper was a Civil Aeronautics Board decision awarding Atlantic air routes to Pan American, TWA and American Export. It also allowed PAA to fly direct from Chicago, Detroit and Washington, plus three Atlantic port cities. Since TWA and American Export are already tied in with nationwide routes, it may soon be possible to take a Wright Cyclone-powered plane for Europe direct from any spot in the nation, instead of flying to New York to change planes.

• • •

The long-awaited decision means two important things: real air transportation that ignores shore lines and American leadership on world air lanes.

• • •

In the boom days, American steamship lines had tough competition from foreign ships featuring foreign foods, accents, customs, costumes and concerts. You were in "Quaint Old Graustark" the minute you stepped aboard. On a fourteen-day crossing, the "old world" atmosphere was played to the hilt to cure boredom.

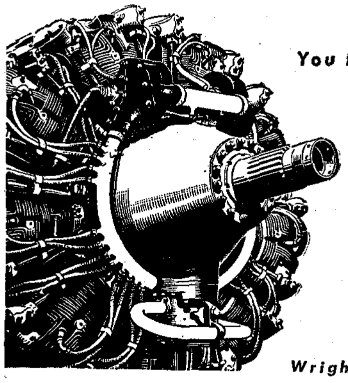
Planes are now big enough for deck chairs and tea concerts but there simply isn't time, even on an Atlantic crossing, for boredom. There's just about time for a good dinner, maybe either a movie or a television show or a few rubbers of bridge and a bit of sleep.

• • •

Any one of these three airlines will put you in Europe in about 14 hours. Maybe less. And since you have to sleep somewhere, why not over the Atlantic? You land next morning anywhere you wish from Spain to Norway. If it's a vacation, you get fourteen days of real foreign life on a two week's trip. If it's business—most likely for some time—the plane gives you the same 14 full days in Europe.

• • •

Not since American clipper ships ruled the seas a century ago has there been anything like today's trend in transport. For American flight equipment is the world's best. Other nations followed our clipper designs a hundred years ago; today many are seeking American planes. So when you fly world routes, you are likely to be flying in American planes. And most likely they will be powered with Wright Cyclone engines.



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# A REPORTER AT LARGE

## A JOB IN A GRAY SUIT

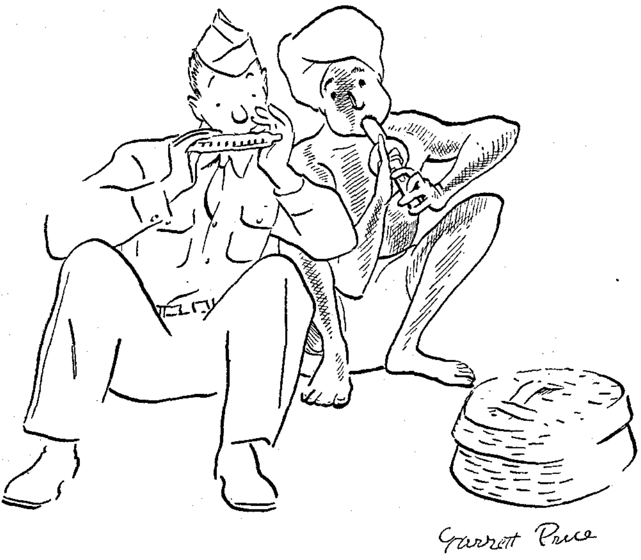
A FEW days ago, in a midtown restaurant, I got talking to a chipper young man I'll call Edward Stone, and he told me what it's like for a discharged veteran to look for a job. Stone, who is twenty-four, had been a pfc in the infantry. He was seated opposite me at lunch in a crowded restaurant, and we started to talk about a headline in a newspaper I was reading that had to do with those sixty million postwar jobs. He said he had had enough trouble just getting one job for himself, which he had recently managed to do after three months of looking. "Not that I couldn't find jobs," he said quickly. "It was mostly a matter of getting into the swing of things again." I asked him if he'd mind telling me about his search. He said he'd like to, but he had to be getting back to work pretty soon. "Why don't you come around to my office about five-thirty this afternoon?" he said. "The boss and the others will be gone by then and we can talk."

Stone works for an exporting firm in the West Forties. He was waiting at his desk when I arrived. Stone, who admits to being a fairly self-confident young man—though he doesn't know why he should be—has reddish-brown hair and is occasionally told by admiring girls that he looks just like Mickey Rooney. He was in the Army for four years, was with the Third Division in Italy, and was wounded at Anzio while on a reconnaissance patrol during an enemy counterattack that nearly drove our forces off the beachhead. He was given the Silver Star for what he did on that patrol and the Purple Heart for his wounds. Stone's citation says that he helped to kill fifty German soldiers and capture fifty others and then "crawled fifteen yards, despite his wounds, to deliver vital intelligence to battalion headquarters." In Stone's opinion, this isn't entirely accurate. "I can give you my word of honor," he told me, "that I didn't crawl those fifteen yards just to deliver a message. I needed a doctor." Stone was hit in both legs by shell fragments, which cost him several toes, and suffered an aneurysm—or the permanent dilatation of a blood vessel—in his left ankle. After spending more than a year in hospitals in Italy and the States, he was honorably discharged a little over five months ago. Considering what happened to him, he is in fairly good shape now. His legs become tired if he is on his feet long, but he is young and strong and manages to get around quite well.

It felt curious, Stone said, to be wearing a gray suit again and wondering what to do in the way of a civilian career. Overseas, the idea of being a civilian had seemed such a far-off proposition that nearly everyone he knew treated it as a gag. "When the fighting was quiet," he said, "we'd sit around in foxholes or slit trenches and have a jaw session about jobs. A couple of the fellows I was with had it all doped out for themselves. They were going to run rum between Cuba and Florida. They figured that after a couple of years of that, it would be a cottage by a waterfall for them for the rest of their lives. One of them had a thirty-foot boat to bring the rum over. The other had a Cadillac and he was going to get a trailer to go with it so that when the stuff came ashore he could pick it up and cart it away. They had me cut in on the deal, too. I was going to find outlets for the merchandise in the States." Stone laughed. "Then there was the jeep fleet," he said. "A combine of us was going to buy a batch of surplus jeeps after the war and use them for a twenty-four-hour delivery service—liquor, pressed suits, anything. We had plenty of ideas, all right. Radio announcing was another one. Jesus, a lot of the guys—fellows who'd been truck drivers before the war—were going to be radio announcers or writers or painters or anything. They weren't so sure they'd be any good at it, but they said that was what they'd always felt like being. They said they'd seen too many of their buddies bumped off and they'd decided life was too short and that a fellow ought to be whatever he liked. Also, they were going to bring Americanism to Europe after the war. I mean, they were going to start hot-dog stands over there and teach the Europeans all about ice-cream sodas. When we'd think that maybe we were being a little screwy, we'd tell each other that the G.I. Bill of Rights would take care of us. I don't know how it was with the rear-echelon boys, but up front we had the idea that we'd seen the worst and a job would be a cinch. You go along day after day in combat and you get cocky about yourself and the whole world because the Germans have been shooting at you and haven't been able to hit you. We were cocky about jobs, too."

THE first thing Stone did after his discharge was to give the G.I. Bill of Rights a try. His education had stopped with evening high school and he wanted to continue it by studying business administration at Columbia. He gave up this idea when he discovered that the bill provides only for tuition and subsistence and that he wouldn't be able to contribute to the family income. His father, a cotton-goods cutter, was ill and unable to work, and an older, married brother was helping out financially. "I wasn't too disappointed about Columbia," Stone told me. "Twenty-four isn't such a good age to start college. You have a couple of things on your mind that you might not have had a few years ago. Getting married, for instance."

So Stone set about looking for a job. The first thing he did was to go to the United States Employment Service, where a consultant told him that, since he was a veteran, he should get into nonessential work, because there were likely to be better and more permanent jobs in that field. "It was a good tip," he said, "but it didn't tell me what to do." He sounded out his parents, but they said they didn't want to tell him what to do because he was a big boy now and must have seen a lot in the war in Italy. His mother did suggest that he might have learned something in the Army that would be useful in civilian life. "I thought about that for a minute," Stone said, "and it was true, I *had* picked up a



couple of pointers in the Army. I'd been a rifleman, worked a bazooka, and could pitch a strike with a grenade. So I said to my mother, 'Ma, how would you like your Edward to be a holdup man?' "

Stone decided to look in on his old boss, mainly to make his parents think that combat hadn't changed him especially. "You know how older people are," he said. "They think that if you leave something behind, you ought to go right back to it as soon as you can." He didn't expect much of his visit. "This fellow was a stinker before the war, and I was pretty sure it would take more than a war to change him," he said. "Always underpaying and overworking." The man owned a large millinery-supply house. Stone had worked for him for three years as a combination errand boy, shipping clerk, and occasional salesman. He greeted Stone effusively. "Boy," said Stone, "was he proud of me! Told me that from now on he was my father, not my boss. I told him that I'd like something better than my old job. I told him I was four years older now and, besides, I didn't think my legs would stand up under a full day's work lugging heavy bundles around. I said how about letting me be a salesman. 'Shipping clerks are what I need,' the boss says. 'But how much are you thinking of asking for this salesman job?'

" 'Fifty dollars a week,' I told him. I used to get thirty-two.

" 'You're crazy!' the boss yells.

" 'But it costs more to live now,' I said.

" 'You're crazy!' he yells again. 'You don't know what you're talking about. You've got a fever. Go away. Come back when your head's right.'

" 'O.K., Daddy,' I said. 'I guess I'm not going to be your son.' "

Stone said that he didn't get sore, because he'd never felt that he had any future in that firm anyway and didn't really want a job there. "But I couldn't help thinking back on the way my pals and I used to talk about our bosses," he said, smiling. "I never met a poor man in the whole U.S. Army. To hear the guys talk, everybody in it had had wonderful jobs and fat pay envelopes. I used to brag about my boss too." Anyway, his parents were pleased that he had tried.

STONE kept on looking for work. He decided that he was going to hold out for that fifty dollars a week, which he figured would cover his own expenses and enable him to help out a little at home. He was far less clear about

Paul Brown
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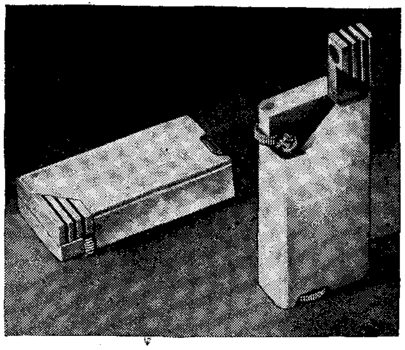
111 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO 4, CAL.

what kind of work he wanted. For one thing, he was dogged by what he called a "security complex," which he says he picked up in the Army. He was continually bewildered by such problems as ration books, what tie to wear, and even menus. "You go into a restaurant," he explained, "and you have to look up and down this long piece of paper and make up your mind. You see that a ham sandwich costs a quarter, but then there's this veal goulash, which you like better and which costs sixty-five cents. Now, the question is, which should I have? But some people say that a tomato salad is very good for you and I find that if I order a tomato salad to go with the ham sandwich it won't cost me any more than the goulash, and where do we go from there? In the Army, you ate your three squares a day, and sometimes they were even warm. At the end of the month you got paid and you knew what you or anyone else was drawing. You were told exactly what to do, too. You took orders and shut up like a clam. It was all nice and settled and mapped out. If a fellow had little bars on his shoulders or three stripes on his sleeves, you knew what your attitude was supposed to be. We had two first sergeants in our outfit. One of them had been a street cleaner before the war and the other was a successful businessman with two secretaries, and both of them could make trouble for you. The only thing that could really go wrong in the Army was that you might get killed."

Stone thought he wanted a job that would provide the same security, one that would last forever and pay him well, and in which his future would be as predictable as the contents of a C-ration can. He talked over the possibilities of Civil Service with some friends, but a seemingly unimportant detail that one of them happened to mention discouraged him. "This friend," Stone told me, "said that you had to fill out a lot of long application forms. To hell with that. I had all the red tape I ever want in the Army." He watched the ads in the papers. One of them led him to a tapioca factory. There didn't seem to be anything wrong with the job except that Stone thought the company was too large. "Big corporations are something I stay away from," he said. "The Army was one, and I didn't get very far in it."

Stone had been job-hunting for three weeks before he got something that apparently met his rather vague requirements. It was in the office of a tool-manufacturing firm on West Twenty-fifth Street. He had two titles: assistant manager and office manager. As assistant manager, he ordered raw materials, such as plastic for screwdriver handles and tool steel for blades. As office manager, he told two girls who worked in the office what to file and, on occasion, dictated letters to them. The job put little strain on his legs. He got his fifty dollars a week and was told that raises would follow. The firm was small, young, and successful, and it had plans for expanding after the war. "With a setup like that," Stone said, "I couldn't miss if I just hung around." Soon, however, he decided that his job was too easy. It hardly ever took him more than three hours to do his day's work, and the rest of the time he just sat around chatting with his girls or reading magazines or pretending to work, not to fool the manager, who dropped in from the plant for a couple of hours a day, but to kill time. "It certainly was the job I'd started out to find," he said. "I felt a little like a nut, not liking it. But there was no life to it. I'd got used to being on the move and meeting up with new guys all the time and thinking I knew what was going on. Even in the Army hospitals there was a kind of life, with the nurses and doctors fussing over us and the U.S.O. entertainers dropping in." After three weeks with the tool company, Stone told the manager that either of the two girls could easily handle his job and that he wasn't worth his fifty a week. The manager said he was sorry. "In the Army, where there was nothing but orders, security was O.K.," Stone said. "Outside, where you were on your own, with your likes and dislikes to go by, I didn't think it was enough."

WHEN Stone left the tool firm, he decided that from then on he'd look for work that was interesting; the security of the job would be of secondary importance. He laughed when he told me this. "Know what I tried to be?" he asked. "A radio announcer. Just what we were all going to be when we were sweating out Anzio." He applied for a job at a broadcasting station and a man obligingly tested his voice. The test didn't come off too well. "The man tried to let me down easy, but I gathered I was no Eric Sevareid," Stone told me. For a long time, one of his notions had been that he'd like to do advertising layouts. Now he thought he'd give that a try. On a tip from a friend, he went to an advertising agency that needed a layout man and intro-



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It's better with fresh fruit and White Rock

White Rock
White Rock

Try this White Rock Tom Collins!

Put 1 level tablespoonful of sugar in a tall glass. Dissolve thoroughly in a little White Rock water. Add juice of 1 lemon (or 2 small limes) and stir. Add cracked ice (or ice cubes) then 1½ jiggers of gin—2 oz. *plus*. Fill glass with White Rock Sparkling Mineral Water—the tangy mixer that improves flavor. Stir *slightly*, and drink. *Um-m-m!*

duced himself to the head of the proper department, a kindly fellow of about fifty. The man asked what his experience had been. Stone said that he had none but that he thought he might have a talent for layouts. The man looked at him closely and shook his head. "That's a veteran's button you've got in your lapel, isn't it?" he asked. Stone nodded. The man said he had two sons overseas in the Army and a daughter who was a Wave. "I like to think some stranger is helping them out, wherever they are," he said. "I'd like to help you. I can't hire you, but if you let me, I'll try to teach you something about this trade. I don't know how long it will take, but it won't matter—I won't charge you a cent." Stone said that he had to earn money, thanked the man, and left.

Stone didn't find these turndowns easy to take. "I was sure," he said, "that those two men—the radio fellow and the advertising one—had tried to be decent to me, but that didn't keep me from being sore as hell at them. I finally blamed it on the war. That's been a favorite sport, I know, but I think combat had something to do with my getting peeved. I was expecting too much from civilians. I didn't mean to, but I was probably remembering shellings and strafings while I was trying for those jobs. You go around with that stuff on your mind and after a while you start wondering why they don't hand you the moon. It sounds dumb, and it is, but I'm just explaining how you can get. Then I'd tell myself that I'd had to be a soldier and that if I'd been ten years younger or twenty years older or had had heart trouble, I wouldn't have been drafted." Stone said that he felt he was lucky that the radio and advertising men had been so courteous to him. "If they hadn't," he explained, "I might still be holding onto an anti-civilian gripe."

Now Stone began to suspect that he was making too much fuss about his problem. "I needed a job, all right, but I could see that I was blowing the whole thing up into something too big," he said. "Before the war I'd have just gone out and taken the best thing that came along and then I'd have kept looking out for something better. I saw that that was still the only approach for someone like me." The best thing just then looked like a job with a bakery-supply company down on Bond Street. It turned out to be a near miss. The owner was a man to whom Stone took an immediate liking. He offered Stone a job as salesman at fifty a week and a generous

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Just as careful arrangement in an exquisite bowl adds to the beauty of flowers, so does a truly fine rum add zest to summer drinks. One sip will tell you why Don Q is the favorite quality rum of Puerto Rico. It's a matter of *good taste!*

86 PROOF

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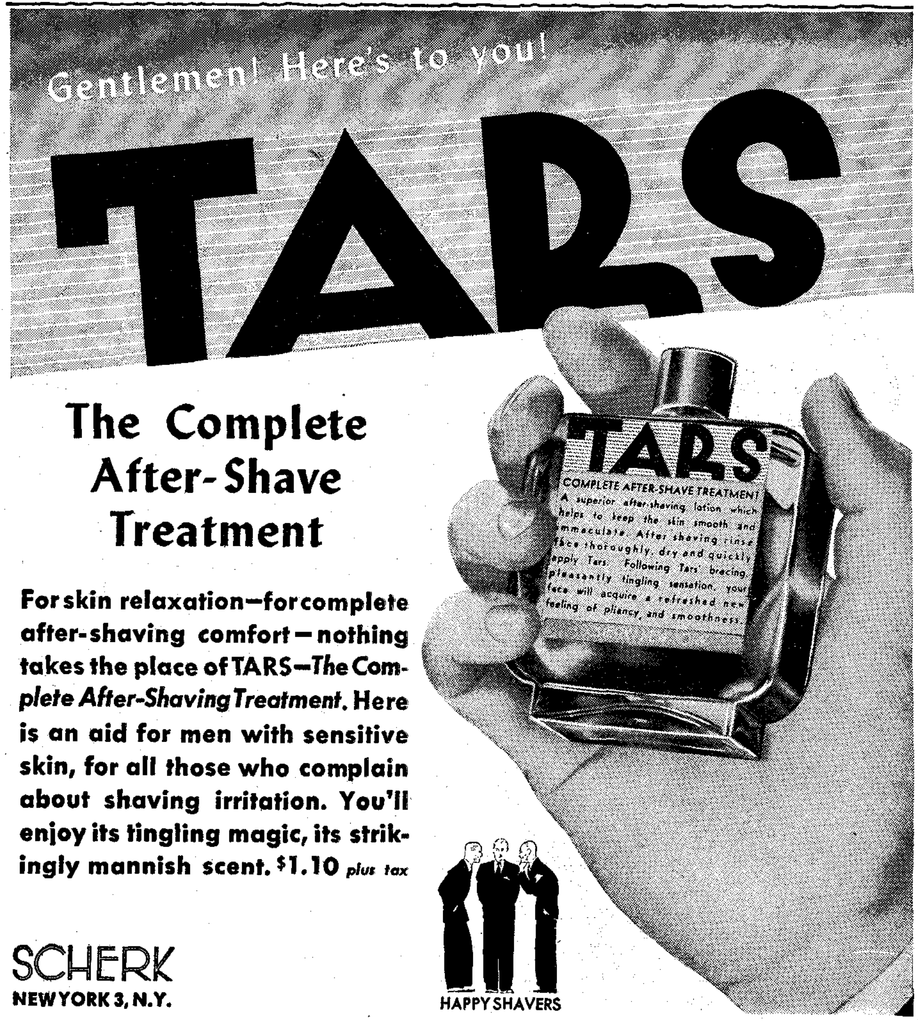
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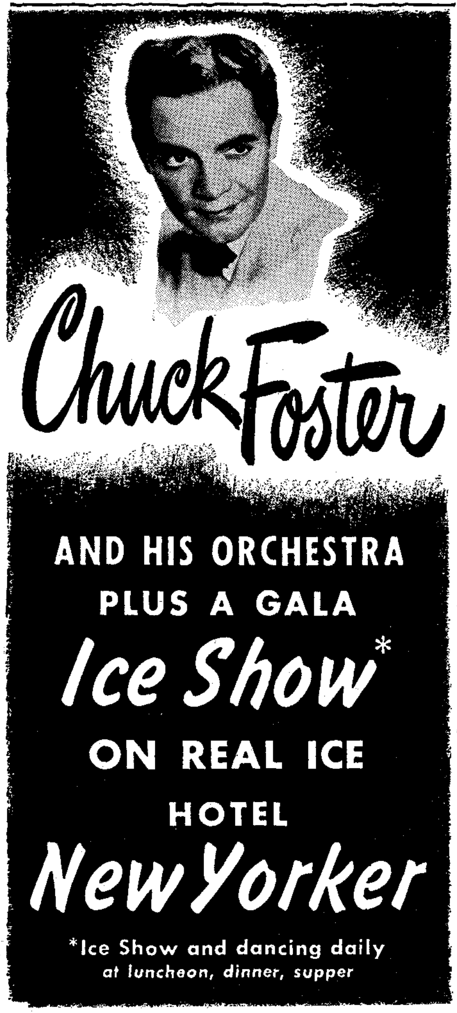

Chuck Foster
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
PLUS A GALA
Ice Show*
ON REAL ICE
HOTEL
New Yorker
*Ice Show and dancing daily
at luncheon, dinner, supper

expense account. Stone could see at once that the work, which involved a good deal of travelling, would be hard on his legs. "For some reason," he told me, "I couldn't get myself to explain to him about my legs. I just said I'd let him know my answer in a few days." Stone immediately tried to get a car. He went around to the Veterans Service Center, on East Fortieth Street, to see what his chances were. A friendly official at the Center said that his best bet was to try for one of the surplus cars the Army is turning over to the Treasury Department for resale, and referred him to the automotive-sales branch of the Treasury, in the Empire State Building. There another friendly official at the information desk told him that he could buy a car only if he were a dealer and that even if he were, he would have to bid for it against other dealers. The official said that twenty veterans a day were coming in asking for the same thing and getting nowhere. The two of them got themselves nicely worked up, and Stone indignantly tried to go in and see the head of the bureau, but he was stopped at the door of the man's private office. "I thought of writing my congressman," he said to me, "but I'd never done that before and I felt it might be silly. So I wrote the bakery-supply man and said that I'd decided against taking his offer."

Stone's next step was to put an ad in the *Times*:

> SITUATION WANTED: Combat Veteran, 24, Sales, pchsing bckgrnd. Industrious, intelligent.

He let the ad run three days and got a fair-sized batch of replies. "They sure need insurance salesmen in this town," he told me. A few of the replies, however, weren't from insurance companies. One of these was from a man who had invented a preparation for removing grease from the backs of seats in movie theatres. When Stone went to see him, he found that the man had crews of school kids demonstrating the stuff to theatre managers and wanted Stone to head up his sales force. Another answer to the ad was from a man in Brooklyn who was working out of two rooms and a kitchenette and claimed that he had invented a hair tonic that was going to revolutionize the tonsorial world. "A wonder product," Stone said. "Had more vitamins than anything else on the market."

Today these propositions seem absurd to Stone, but at the time he gave them fairly serious consideration. It was only the low starting salaries, both around twenty-five a week, less taxes, that kept him from going to work for either the grease-spot man or the tonic man. "I had the feeling, listening to those two pioneers," Stone said, "that maybe this was the way I was going to make my fortune, my pot of gold. Maybe it was because nobody in the Army made any promises, or at least not rosy ones. Before, when I'd been a civilian, I could tell a phony from the real thing pretty well. I began to get that knack again as I went along looking for a job."

TRY as he would, Stone still couldn't quite bring himself to follow his prewar policy of grabbing the best thing available at the moment. Something was always wrong—low pay, boring work, or too great a strain on his legs. A cloak-and-suiter wanted him to do nothing except butter up customers whose orders couldn't be filled because of shortages. The owner of a small cosmetics factory offered him a job, for twenty-seven dollars a week, that he said only a man of culture and refinement could fill. It turned out that what the man wanted was a delivery boy. The head of a burglar-alarm service offered him a job handling customer complaints. At this establishment, Stone noticed a lot of signs warning the employees that they must be at work on time and must not leave early or lounge in the washrooms. Stone asked the boss why there were so many of these signs. "I like discipline," the man said. "I learned all about discipline with the Third Division," Stone replied, and left. A family friend gave him a lead on a job with the export division of Warner Brothers that would pay extremely well, but it meant going to Europe. Stone's parents urged him to take it. "I don't ever want to go to Europe again," he told them, and that was that.

A few days later, in a fit of anxiety, perhaps because he'd been looking for work six weeks now, he grabbed a thirty-dollar-a-week job as New York buyer for a chain of drugstores in the Midwest that wanted a man to scout around the city for items that were scarce—sun glasses, combs, towels, and so on. The job entailed a lot of running around to out-of-the-way wholesalers, which didn't do Stone's legs any good, but he kept at it for a month and was rewarded by an experience that had quite an effect on him. One afternoon he was at a wholesaler's textile supply house, trying to get a rush order of three hundred towels filled and being elbowed by several other would-be buyers. Presently the manager of the place appeared

# THE THEATRE

## EXCURSION

WE drove across Ninety-sixth Street and up on Henry Hudson Parkway, heading north. There were four of us in the borrowed Buick, my wife and I and a couple named Stern, and we were on our way to Stamford to see the Congresswoman from Connecticut in "Candida," a queer, risky business both on her part and our own. The clouds were piling up, purple on black, in the west as we sped along—past Grant's Tomb and Claremont Inn and the frail, suspended beauty of the bridge, out of the city through Fieldston and Riverdale, skirting Yonkers and Bronxville. A little rain began to fall at Mamaroneck and the light was thin and yellow on the trees and flat ponds along Merritt Parkway. Once, a small, nervous car, nosing out of a side road, took fright at our furious approach and turned around and scuttled back.

"Don't you want me to drive, dear?" asked Mrs. Stern politely from the back seat.

"What for?" her husband asked, and on we roared, through the damp, suburban gloom, past Harrison and Rye. We crossed the state line a little beyond Port Chester, and now it was Connecticut, the Luce country, fertile and strictly landscaped. At Long Ridge Road, we turned off the Parkway and stopped for dinner at a place called Chimney Corner Inn. There were hand-hewn beams along the ceiling and other symptoms of educated taste, but the unexpected steaks were tender and haunting.

"Can you tell me how to get to the Strand Theatre?" I asked a young woman who might or might not have been in Colonial costume.

"I suppose you came up to see Clare Luce," she said, after giving us directions. "I was there myself last night."

She had a sweet, fixed smile, apparently permanent, rather like Billie Burke's. It was hard to say just what was on her mind.

There were policemen and a few local residents standing in the rain outside the theatre, but no visible celebrities, for they'd all come the night before. A matron sidled up to a young woman standing proud and alone in the lobby.

"Pardon me, but aren't you Bette Davis?" she asked.

"My God, no," said the young woman, with horror.

The auditorium was narrow and incredibly long, and from Row P, where we sat, the stage looked very small and far away, a ray of hope at the end of a dark tunnel. The light was dim and the column of fine type in the program that touched on the highlights of the star's astonishing career ("Bombs dropped within yards of her" when she was a war correspondent) was rather hard to read. "Thus," it ended, "August 6th, 1945, marking Mrs. Luce's first appearance in the title rôle of George Bernard Shaw's famous comedy, becomes an important date to followers of the theatre everywhere."

"That atom bomb just barely nosed her out," said Mr. Stern.

A phonograph, no more than a murmur back in P, played "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the distant curtain rose. Prossy and the curate, Morell and Mr. Burgess began their familiar lines.

"I can't hear a single word they're saying," whispered a lady behind me helplessly.

"Just take it easy," her escort said.

At nine-thirteen—for we were a little late in starting—Mrs. Luce appeared, as advertised, and there was a polite ruffle of applause. She moved somehow as if she were on wires, like a marionette, as if at any moment she might sail up and away into the flies. Her delivery was tranquil and monotonous, the lines clear but not seeming to mean anything in particular. Compared with those of Paul McGrath, Brenda Forbes, and Aubrey Mather, her accent seemed very American; the word "said" came out in two syllables—"sayad." She was letter-perfect, though, and once, when Mr. McGrath fumbled a line, she glanced at him sharply. She looked very beautiful, even so small, so terribly far away.

In the intermission, the crowd in the lobby seemed bored and restless.

"When I saw Katharine Cornell . . ." a girl began.

"You can have Cornell, too," her companion said.

"She's certainly a great little head patter," remarked Mr. Stern to his wife.

"That's probably because of the notices," she explained. "They said she was cold."

"I wonder if Shaw realizes what the hell is going on up here," a thoughtful voice observed. "She keeps making these gestures like she was trying to scoop up something."

A man who might have worked on *Time* was leaning against the box-office window. "All I know is they couldn't find Kronenberger," he said. "Maybe Luce is writing it himself."

The second act was very like the first. Mrs. Luce and Dean Harens, as Marchbanks, offered an interesting contrast in acting technique—she underplaying, or perhaps not playing at all but simply a lady reading, with pretty reverence, from the works of Bernard Shaw; he putting all he had into his performance, a mad poet working out in Stillman's Gym. Mr. McGrath's courteous Morell had a somewhat sardonic air. The play itself struck me for the first time as almost unbearably tedious and quaint; the audience laughed dutifully at the sorry, recurring joke about the madness of everybody in the cast, but it was clear that somebody had made a serious mistake. There was anticlimax in the rustling dark.

We left at the end of the second act. It had stopped raining and the long drive home was sleepy and pleasant. At 125th Street, when the marching lights at Palisades Park spelled out that it was then ten fifty-three, somebody suggested a possible analogy between Mrs. Luce's active personal life and the part she had just been playing on the stage. Morell might be said to represent a career of public service, of dedication and sacrifice; Marchbanks would be the theatre, bewildered and importunate but really sure and arrogant at heart. It was clear, of course, that her country's call must always take first place.

"Well, that would be O.K.," said Mr. Stern, and darted past a lumbering truck.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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WITH ECLIPSE
—*Elmira (N.Y.) Advertiser.*

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# LETTER FROM VENICE

AUGUST 4 (BY WIRELESS)

A GREAT little town, in its day, for wars of its own, Venice has survived this latest war, at least physically, with a minimum amount of change. Even the Germans seem to have sensed that whoever destroyed Venice—master race or no master race—would destroy something of himself. Of course, they reverted to form at the very end and threatened to blast the place from its pilings unless the Partisans on the near-by Lido would agree to withhold their fire and let them surrender to the Allies instead. Because they loved Venice, the Partisans reluctantly agreed. The day the Allies took over, thousands of Venetians, impelled by some ancient and mystic sense of kinship with their city, surged spontaneously into the Piazza San Marco and, without any apparent direction from anybody, began removing the sandbags protecting the marble-and-mosaic façade of St. Mark's and the Palace of the Doges. "Merely a matter of Venice once again becoming Venice," a man who participated told me quietly.

But things are not quite the same. The Germans mined the port and its approaches, and although the work of spotting and clearing away the mines is practically completed—with the help, incidentally, of a U.S. Navy blimp—only last week a ferryboat hit a mine and was blown up. Sixty people were killed. Some mines have drifted into the canals, but so far no gondolas have been blown up. Evidently the Germans expected an Allied invasion from the Adriatic, for they turned the Lido into a strongly defended place, cutting down rows of trees along the road running parallel to the sea, installing concrete bunkers all over the island, destroying a pavilion to ensure better observation, and strewing the beach with barbed wire and other paraphernalia of seaside war. Today, freshly painted green, blue, and yellow cabañas stretch along the beach once again. The island has become a rest center for Allied troops, who can lie in the sun as long as they want but are earnestly requested not to swim beyond the hundred-yard mark. Mines.

THERE were not many Germans in Venice, but it had become a refuge for innumerable southern Italian Fascists and their families, who fled there after the fall of the Mussolini government. "The bastards felt perfectly secure," a British Military Government official told me. "They were so utterly confident we would never touch a hair of Venice's head that during our several bombardments of shipping in the harbor they stood on rooftops all over town and watched the show." The Partisans picked off quite a few of the Fascists the day before the Allies arrived and subsequently celebrated their victory by racing through the canals in speedboats, exuberantly taking pot shots at the windows of suspected enemies.

The Germans, during their stay, neither ate the pigeons in the Piazza San Marco nor looted any of the great public buildings. The Venetians took all the pictures off the walls of the Palace, as they did in the last war, and stored them in the basement. More than half of them are once more in place, and Tintoretto's "Paradise," perhaps the biggest oil painting in the world, is about to be put back in the Hall of the Great Council. Along with the four bronze horses from the façade of St. Mark's, the winged lion and the statue of St. Theodore, which had crowned the two columns that stand near the water's edge of the Piazzetta, now share the Palace's courtyard.

Prices are high enough here, but they're low in comparison with those in Rome. A man's shirt that sells for the equivalent of thirteen dollars here would cost at least forty there. Public utilities are functioning, but there is an acute shortage of food, mostly because of the lack of transportation on the mainland. Gondolas are the gondoliers' sole livelihood, so none of them have been requisitioned by the Allies, who do all their official travelling by buffalo, duck, and the more orthodox motor launches. Today's traffic signs say: "Speed limit eight miles per hour on Grand Canal, all other canals five miles per hour." "Ducks allowed on Grand Canal on local details only." "Launches creating excessive wash will be impounded."

Naturally, the gondoliers, whose attitude toward life is roughly that of a Brooklyn-born cab driver, have been a problem, though not a serious one, to Allied authorities. They appear to have lost their heads when we arrived, for they began charging completely unreasonable rates. After one high-ranking British official was given the choice of paying seventeen dollars for having himself and baggage moved down a short stretch of the Grand Canal or of swimming for it, the authorities announced a price ceiling of forty cents from the Piazzale Roma, where the causeway from the mainland ends, to any point in town. Before long they cut this price in half. Then the gondoliers, who have a strong union, went on strike for three days. One fink gondolier was summarily brought into line; his colleagues sank his boat and hit him over the head with an oar. Happily for the gondoliers, the price ceiling is not always observed. Fascinated by the gondolas and in a holiday mood, Allied troops lavishly overpay both gondoliers and *ganzer*, the madmen who stand on shore with boat hooks and, screeching like parakeets, abusively help land the craft.

WHAT the Fitzpatrick travelogues would call "the magic potion of ever-changing, never-changing Venice" has had its effect on visiting Allied troops. I realized this the other evening while gliding with a group of them down the Grand Canal at sunset. The conducting officer in charge of our party was a brisk and dapper American major who had been stationed in Venice for some weeks. Back home he had done some sort of publicity business and had escorted the healthiest family in Utah to the New York World's Fair. "Well, folks," he said to us, "I'm going to give you the forty-five-cent tour! I've been in Naples, I've been in Rome, but Venice beats them all. I knew it was different the minute I saw the place." We barely missed colliding with a buffalo. "Sound your horn!" cried the major. "Well, I arrived in my jeep at the Piazzale Roma and asked an M.P. how to reach the Hotel Europa. 'Sir,' he said, 'you're at the end of the line. From here on this city is built entirely on water.' Yes, sir, entirely *on water*. Note that church now—just like a neighborhood church." We slid past Santa Maria della Salute. "Every home a palace," said the major. "Some of the chandeliers contain as many as three hundred separate pieces of glass. . . . Note air-raid shelter in that square. Damned thing's above ground because there's nothing but water below! It says '*Il Ricovero*,' but it means 'Run for cover.' . . . Wish you folks could have been here the other night. Never saw anything like it in my life—a solid mass of gondolas, a solid

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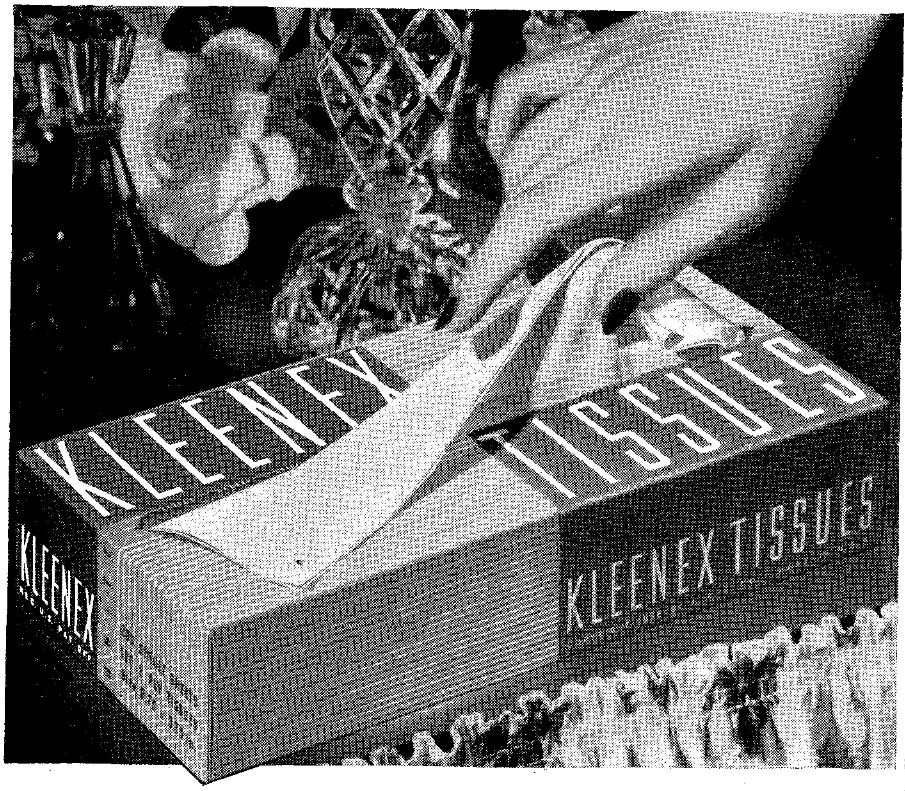

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mass. And in the mornings this place is exactly like Fourteenth Street, New York, with everybody bustling and shouting and those shops on the bridge jam-packed with cash customers and that fish market just teeming—a solid mass. And with all this business activity, it's still a beautiful city and there's something unbusinesslike about it. Tell you what's been worrying me lately. In the States, I gulped down my breakfast, rushed downtown, and worked all day worrying about a dollar. Never any time out. Never any time to look around. Now, you take these Italian people. I got aggravated at first, because they'll keep you waiting for days or they'll drop off into one of those siestas. But you know something funny?—maybe they're right. I'm beginning to think maybe we rush around too much. No time to look around. It's been worrying me lately. Hey, duck, move over!" —PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

## ICHTHYOLOGICAL NOTE

Till recently I thought of fish
As just an incidental dish,
Something that always went, perforce,
With dinner, as an extra course.
Accompanied by sauce béarnaise,
A dab of salmon couldn't faze
An appetite well centered on
Roast capon or filet mignon.
People who favored sole or cod
Struck me as being slightly odd;
Seafood was pretty much a bore
Served minus the Long Island shore.
As first-rate fare, I never had
Much faith in mackerel, bass, or shad.
Well, I confess I'm up to date
On ichthyology of late,
From reading menus that provide
An all too comprehensive guide
For those of us who daily keep
Au courant with the Briny Deep.
Poached, broiled, or baked, I guess I've run
The gamut, sampled every one.
Only Leviathan's resisted—
Perhaps tomorrow *he'll* be listed.

—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

•

**Usted** (*plur.* **ustedes**) represents the conventional English *you* under all circumstances. It is the universal address of society, and the only one the foreigner is ever likely to employ or hear addressed to him, unless he marries a native or does something similar.—*From "A Textbook of Modern Spanish," by Marathon Montrose Ramsey.*

Such as?

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Down with Nothing*

"THE SOUTHERNER," a moving picture that seems to have stirred up a minor critical tempest in Dixie teapots, actually tells, in a romantic and disinfected way, just about the same story as "Tobacco Road," with a succession of melodramatic disasters substituted for the economic forces that destroyed the Lesters and a hearty sort of comedy, usually based on somebody throwing something, for the shocking humor of a people so used up and degraded that they were no more than parodies of human beings. The hero and heroine are what Jeeter and his wife conceivably might have been before a surfeit of turnips and a houseful of eccentric relatives had addled them beyond repair. There is the same tendency, though tempered by the Hays Office, to reason with God about the farm problem; the same trick of proclaiming a spiritual identity with the soil by letting a handful of it trickle through the fingers; the same sardonic understatement in the face of calamity ("This place could stand considerable tidying up," the hero remarks on finding himself in a house with only half a roof); and, in spite of a contrary note of hope at the end, the same impression that the tenant farmer is an anachronism with no particular future in our American economy.

Zachary Scott and Betty Field are certainly more comely than their theatrical prototypes—Mr. Scott wears his rags like a king and has a certain noble fixity of expression, while Miss Field, her nose and accent only becomingly smudged with dust, wears neat dungarees and a sporty felt hat that Peck & Peck would surely endorse for an afternoon in the cotton fields. They are, however, Lesters in embryo, or Lesters cleaned up for a medium that can imagine practically everything about poverty except its sour smell, and a good many of their associates first appeared in Erskine Caldwell, too—Grandma, a terrible bundle of old rags, this time unfortunately vocal; a half-witted boy who is Dude Lester all over again; a tough, hardheaded landowner who replaces the Bank as a symbol of exploitation; and a child with pellagra, vaguely the equivalent of Ellie Mae and her harelip.

While the picture owes its basic design to Mr. Caldwell's play, the forces arrayed against its hero are not an exhausted soil or the irresistible invasion of money and machinery or even hereditary debility. It is much simpler and more exciting than that. An irascible neighbor tries to destroy Mr. Scott's vegetable garden and then to carve him up with a jackknife (they are reconciled by a common enthusiasm for fishing, which seems fortunate); his son falls ill and, taking him to a doctor in town, he is involved in a fine, murderous brawl in a saloon; and a storm wipes out his crop, and in the course of it he rescues his best friend from a raging torrent. Since "The Southerner" apparently attacks nothing except the local climate (if there is a sneer at the sharecropping system, it's almost imperceptible), it is hard to see how it could upset anybody politically, even Senator Bilbo. Its aesthetic effect, of course, is something else.

"CAPTAIN EDDIE," a semi-official biography of Eddie Rickenbacker, starring Fred MacMurray, ought to contain material for an interesting picture, since the subject has led an active, crowded life. The unfortunate fact, however, is that it is quite a dull one. There are the inevitable shots of racing cars plunging from the speedway at Indianapolis and dogfights with von Richthofen's Circus and interminable ones of Rickenbacker and his seven companions adrift on rubber rafts in the Pacific, but most of the time we are just asked to consider the hero's courtship and marriage, which seem to have been amiable though somewhat routine. He danced the one-step with her to the tune of "The International Rag" and took her driving in primitive automobiles which had a disconcerting habit of blowing up and frightening the horses. The humor of this special period has been explored too often to provide any particular surprises, but it is pleasant enough in a broad, familiar way. The film industry being primarily dedicated to entertainment, it was obviously considered wiser not to go into Mr. Rickenbacker's ideas about labor. That may have been a mistake, because they are kind of funny too. —W. G.

•

The Atomic Bomb could mean, among other things, that this is the last Saratoga meeting at Belmont. —*The Post.*

*What* other things, for Heaven's sake?

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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS

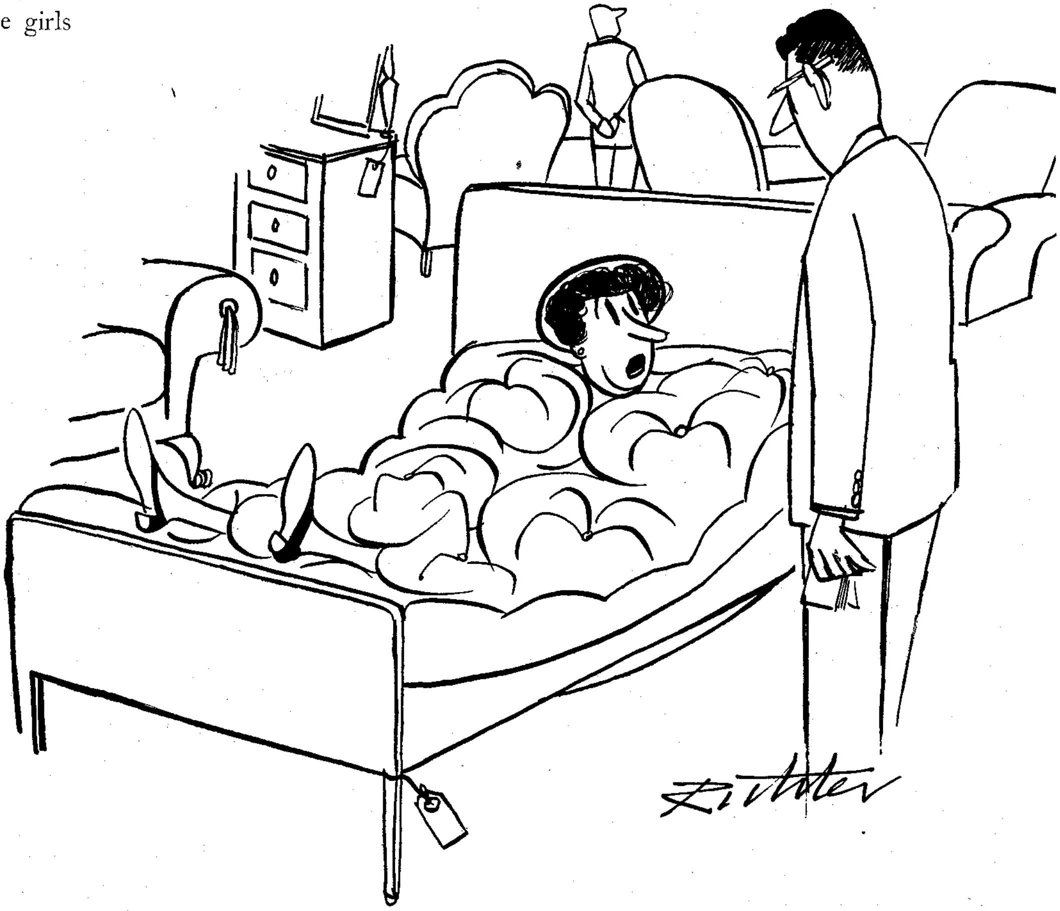
THAT neat and feminine college girl I've been hearing about for years and years seems at last to have reached the campus. Perhaps women's military training has something to do with it. Or perhaps the designers and the shops have finally put the idea across. Certainly the College Shops in the big stores are doing more than their share to win girls away from Sloppy Joe sweaters and baggy skirts.

Lord & Taylor would like them to wear a close-fitting, button-down-the-back, long-sleeved turtleneck blouse of wool jersey (a Lana Turner figure would be a help for this) and a wool skirt that has fullness somewhere and is topped with a leather or fur belt at least two inches wide, cinched tight to make a wasp waistline. Sometimes this fullness is achieved with soft, unpressed pleats smack down the front of a skirt; sometimes it is done with pockets that protrude at the hips. A number of the skirts are pleated all the way around. The skirts are of tweed or of lighter wools, cost $14.95, and come in gray, black, ginger, or navy. The blouses run from $9.95 on up and come in the same shades, plus green, which college girls dote on, or at least L. & T. seem to think so. Over these you should add, they tell me, one of their wine- or cocoa-colored tweed doublets—a nice change, but not too drastic a one, from the perpetual pinafore dress. And/or on nippy days, you may further add a ginger-toned fleece little-boy's jacket with a Peter Pan collar and a cheerful canary-yellow cotton lining; $35. You can, in fact, work out all sorts of chameleon changes, assuming you think that a chameleon is the thing to be nowadays. For extra-special dates, you might prefer to top the works with a more formal black tweed waist-length monkey jacket; $19.95. If you are an old diehard and deviation from convention troubles you, you can fall back on the wonderful assortment of regulation Scotch sweaters. Further news: this place now has kilts in neutral tweeds, in addition, of course, to the usual tartans.

Lord & Taylor, as always, can offer you the very best sort of tailored dresses, many of which, with a change of accessories, could be worn from the schoolroom right out to dinner. A classic brown-and-white checked rayon-and-wool fly-front affair has, as its sole adornment, a narrow leather belt that, in the course of its journey, runs through the top of the dress's solitary, and huge, pocket. A lime-green wool-and-rabbit's-hair number has, for its distinguishing characteristic, lantern-shaped short sleeves. A two-piece one, of the same fabric, has a powder-blue tuck-in top, deep armholes, rounded shoulders, and three-quarter sleeves. (This sleeve business, by the way, is the momentary fad for women of all ages.) The full dirndl skirt is made of vertical powder-blue, raspberry, white, mulberry, and lavender strips sewn together. Beautiful! Prices, $29.95 to $39.95.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE'S Seventh Heaven for College and Career Shop is on, ingeniously enough, the seventh floor. Saks seems fond of multi-striped wool jersey blouses with a gray, pink, or aqua ground. These may have no collars and sleeves, or else have standing collars, deep armholes, and three-quarter sleeves, or else have long sleeves, turtle necks, and pleats at the shoulders, to make you look broad on the top deck even if you weren't born that way. All are $14.95 or $17.95. They are to be either tucked inside of or worn outside of the high-waisted black, brown, gray, or gold wool skirts that this establishment provides, at $14.95, to go with them. The combination looks awfully good. Saks thinks highly of a two-piece dress made of a rayon gabardine that is supposed to be almost uncrushable. It has a blouse with graceful pleats down both sides of the back and a skirt with a contrasting four-inch-wide knitted waistband that gives a nice trim look. Each piece is $11.95. Perhaps the people here were simply feeling the heat when they thought up the colors, which are, so help Saks, Dawn Patrol beige, Sky-Flier gray, Shangri-La chamois, and Algiers red. But don't let it bother you; the dress is a humdinger.

Saks also has a fine group of masculinely tailored worsted suits at $39.95, and you must know how hard it is to find good ones. The single-breasted



*"I had in mind something not quite so soft."*

jackets have various necklines and are done in solid colors, stripes, plaids, or checks. For women from their teens on up. Wool gabardine suits trimmed with hand-stitching are the same price. There are equally good topcoats here, among them a honey of a hound's-tooth check affair with a wide collar, pointed lapels, and a belt across the back. I thought it was particularly nice in green-and-white, but it comes in several other shades, all at $55. I don't believe I'd ever seen a heather-colored covert-cloth coat until I bumped into one at Saks. It's severely tailored, handsome, and $69.95.

PECK & PECK have always been the college girl's friend, though they have no department dedicated to or even named for her. Even their classic suits have a skillful and novel trick or two about them. A red-and-green plaid tweed cardigan, at $18.50, has a green tweed skirt with plaid inserts beneath the kick pleats, at $9.95. This skirt shows a nice flash of color when you're walking. A maroon, green, or brown flannel suit has a jacket with a one-button fastening and gray flannel trimming the keyhole neckline; $19.95. With this goes a skirt that matches either the jacket or the trimming. As for other tricks, Messrs. P. & P. have a brand-new black wool and rayon gabardine raincoat that you can wear hindside before, I forget why. It has a standing collar, sloping shoulders, a yoke with gathers beneath, and a self belt. When buttoned down the back it looks very much like a dress; even the pockets are placed correctly. I can't think that it's intended only for backward girls. It's $29.95, and it can be worn in any kind of weather. If you are thinking ahead to cooler days—and you are, all right—you might take a peek at the Peck fleece Balmacaan topcoats. The wool is so warm, I hear, that an interlining is unnecessary.

P. & P. are proud of their just-above-knee-length shorts, which they say lots of colleges will let students wear to class. You can get them in plaid wool or in gray flannel, for $8.95. The management here would like to see them worn with a dark-green unpiped blazer. Oh, yes, I nearly forgot; there are plaid wool shirts, for $12.95, and slacks, for $19.95, that are just about perfection. The material is so soft it feels the way wool used to feel in our woolier days.

IT was inevitable, I guess, that adaptations of General Eisenhower's battle jacket would spring up around town almost before he had departed. Macy's

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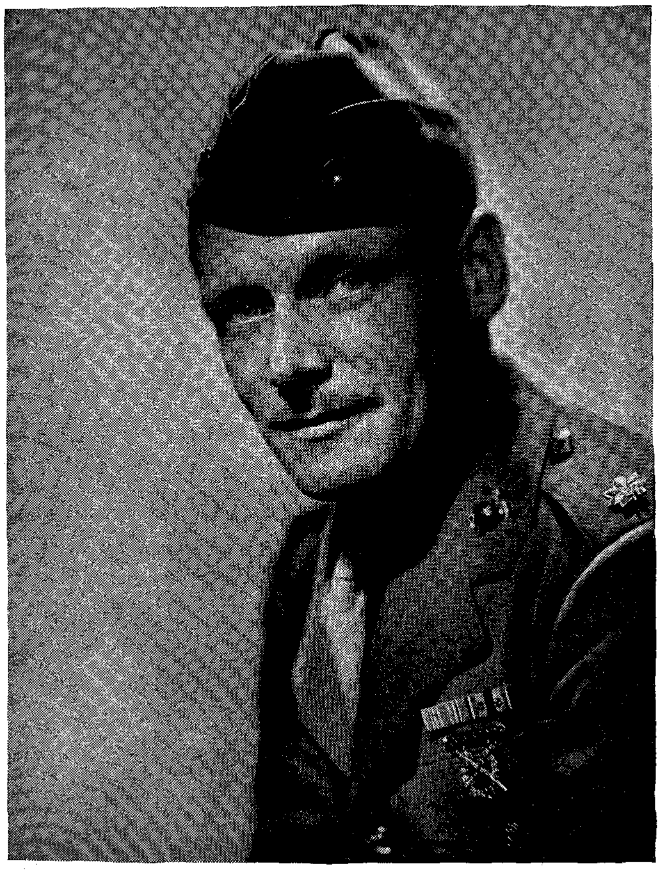

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natural-color poplin raincoat, which is $10.29, is one of the nicest versions I've found, because it is attractive enough to be worn in good weather too. Traditional double-breasted greatcoats in natural poplin, and untraditional R.A.F. blue and navy poplin, all at $35, now have separate brown alpaca-and-mohair button-in linings, which are $14.95. Handy for the nastiest winter day.

Next, a double-breasted short bathrobe *that looks like a raincoat*—well, this is the summer for talking about raincoats, isn't it?—has one enormous patch pocket big enough to hold all sorts of clutter; $8.39, in white, coral, aqua, or navy rayon.

IT seems as though Altman expects all *girls to end up on the stage*, for many of the clothes in its College Shop make you think of ballet costumes. Even the juke box there plays ballet music. It can't just be a coincidence. The dinner and evening clothes in this group are real charmers. Short, but not too short, dresses have black rayon velvet bodices and gay plaid rayon surah skirts. They are accompanied by the briefest possible rayon velvet jacket, which you could wear to tea and then shed when you go out dancing. Two-piece dresses have a black wool jersey tailored shirt with a straight-across neck and long, tight sleeves and either a short or long Roman-striped rayon taffeta skirt. For real parties, Altman has black or white marquisette long dresses, with tiny shoulder straps and billowing skirts stiffened at the sides to give you a nice little waistline. They are thoroughly enchanting. Only $15.95 to $22.95 for all this grandeur.

Ballet exercise clothes are the theme for college lounging outfits. (Altman has the bit in its teeth for fair.) Bright red wool jersey overblouses with deep, square armholes, long sleeves, and split, turnover collars are supposed to be worn with red-and-white striped wool jersey shorts that look to me like men's nineteenth-century bathing trunks. A black wool jersey shirt with a high cowl neckline is accompanied by long tights *and* a hip-length yellow tweed apron that ties around the waist. All of these are $39.95—but how could a girl keep her mind on her studies?

BLOOMINGDALE goes on year after year showing the nicest long-sleeved shirts. This time they appear in Tattertooth rayon flannel (a happy combination of the two checks, in case you were wondering, and a not so happy combination of their names) or in Kelly green, red, maize, and pink rayon-and-Aralac fabric. The last color, strangely, is one of the most popular shades, according to Bloomingdale, who may very well know. That feminine trend I have been hearing about, no doubt. Both varieties of shirt are $4.95. Wool ones in practically the same colors are $5.95. Bloomingdale is also a place to find inexpensive wool sweaters that look hand-made. These are in black as well as colors and begin at $5.50. The Eisenhower battle jacket has resulted here in a gray flannel suit. It is so modified, though, that you would probably never recognize it unless it bit you. The jacket is collarless and has a double row of small silver-metal buttons going primly down the front, and the skirt has a kick pleat; $29.95. The matching bonnet flaunts a flippant feather.

BEST has breezed in with as splendid date dresses as I have laid my eyes on in quite a while, at from $15.95 to $35. There is a two-piece blue-gray wool dress that looks like a suit, rigged out with two heart-shaped brown lapin pockets. A fancier one, in black rayon velvet, has a high neckline demurely banded with ermine, whose tails form a short jabot. The wide, round neck and the cape sleeves of a one-piece black rayon velvet dress are edged with diminutive scalloped braid. Nor is there anything that suggests the schoolroom about natural-color rabbit's hair-and-wool jersey tailored dresses, especially when their collarless necklines are studded with fine gold nailheads and when jet trims the self buttons and tailored belt of a beige fly-front number. Of course, who *wants* to suggest the schoolroom? —M. M.

•

Among those questioned by Sergeant McCann was Joseph ("Gunboat") Mastropole, 33, of Fair Lawn, the lower part of whose body was recovered from the Hudson River at Edgewater last week.—*Passaic (N.J.) Herald-News.*

Well, if a man is going to *be* questioned, it's nice to have everything complete.

•

### WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Louella Parsons in the Journal-American*]

Doris Stein, Frances Goldwyn, and Virginia Zanuck all wore especially attractive gowns. Ann Warner's new hairdo was much admired. Cary Grant seemed to be having an awfully good time. He came alone.

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# THE RACE TRACK

## *Surprise Packages*

TO put the tote before the horse, $4,035,465 was wagered at Belmont last Saturday, an all-time high for the pari-mutuels anywhere. With this kind of loose change kicking about, race-track managements believe that a five-million day, once just a golden dream, is now inevitable. That's as may be. I can tell you this much, though; I never saw longer queues in front of the $100 windows. The shortest lines were in front of the $5 ones. The betting was all right with me, however, because the track's profit of around $135,000 went to war charities.

The Saratoga Association, with the help of a few isobars and isotherms, has done everything it can to make horseplayers who miss the Spa feel at home at Belmont. There is the same sort of weather, for one thing, and there are more upsets than the meeting, which is famous for such things, ever had on its home grounds. Even more of a surprise than Assault, who brought off a 70–1 chance in the Flash Stakes on the opening day, was the victory of Adonis at 25–1 in the Travers last weekend. The Travers was an exciting race. Pavot took the lead almost at once and, despite top weight of 126 pounds, did the first six furlongs in 1:10⅖ and the mile in 1:36⅕. Then, quite naturally, he ran out of breath, and Adonis, Burning Dream, and Sir Francis passed him in the final quarter of a mile. Curmudgeonly critics thought that Snider, who rode Pavot, gave a very good imitation of the Headless Horseman in sending his mount along at such a breakneck pace. After the race the boy said that he knew he was going fast but that there didn't seem to be anything he could do about it. Wildlife, who won the Shevlin and the Dwyer at Aqueduct, couldn't have been more of a disappointment in the Travers. He was last most of the way.

Adonis, who won only once last year and hadn't got into the money in five tries this season, is owned by William Helis. Helis thought so little of his horse's chances that he wasn't at Belmont. He was at Garden State Park, expecting to see his Olympic Zenith win the Quaker City Handicap. Instead of being grateful, Olympic Zenith finished second to something named Hasteville. If Helis hadn't been at Garden State, he still wouldn't have been at Belmont. He would have been at Suffolk Downs to see his Rounders run for the $50,000 Massachusetts Handicap, which First Fiddle won for the second time. Rounders was out of the money.

AS nearly as my paddock observers can figure out, the two-year-old colt of the week is Crispin Oglebay's Air Hero, who beat Mist o' Gold in the United States Hotel Stakes. Although he had won his last three starts at Garden State, Air Hero didn't receive the attention he deserved in the betting. One reason, no doubt, was the distracting tip on Colonel C. V. Whitney's Blue Falcon, who, the bush telegraph had it, was the best thing in the stable. I daresay he may be when he settles down, but right now he's an obstreperous fellow. He tangled up his groom and trainer, tossed his jockey, nearly bolted out of the walking ring, and wore himself out generally before the race. It wasn't a very lucky week for the Whitney horses. After Mush Mush and Matruh had failed in the Flash Stakes, Boojie, Vapor Trail, and Mush Mush started at odds-on in the Schuylerville, and only Boojie managed to get into the money. This was a helter-skelter race, with an animal named Red Shoes zigzagging all over the place and eventually winning by a head from Bonnie Beryl. Diogenes Checkpoints reports that Red Shoes was stung by a bee in the saddling paddock. It was probably just what she needed.

SCRIBBLES ON AN OLD RACE CARD: William Helis paid the top price of the Meadow Brook sales, $35,000 for a colt by Blue Larkspur and Gallant Lady, and immediately named him Atomic. . . . Steeplechasing is looking up; fourteen jumpers started one afternoon last week at Belmont and only two fell. . . . Colonel Martingale says he would like to run the Emperor of Japan's horse in one of those hurdles races at Aqueduct. He's sure it would finish third and pay $2.90.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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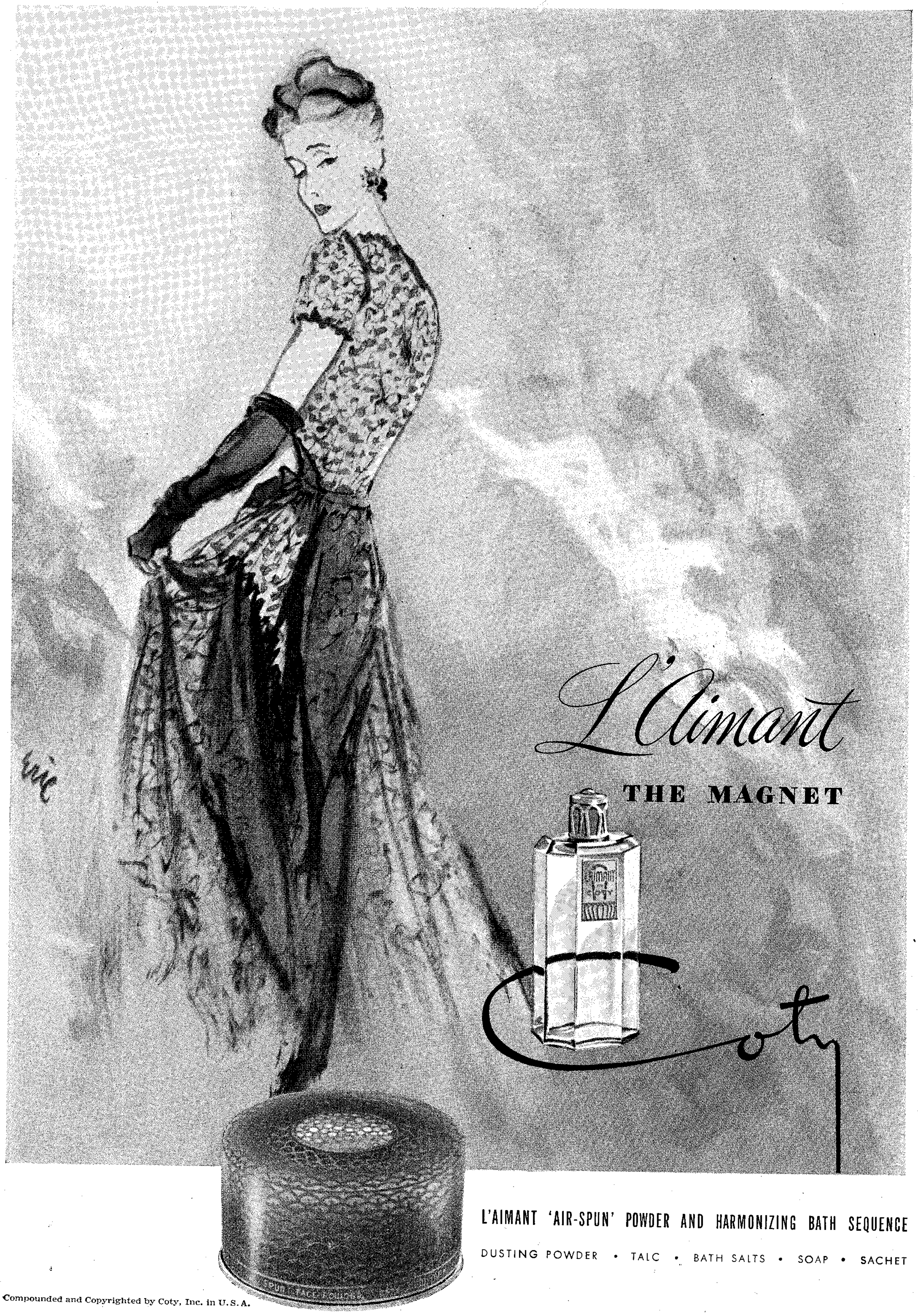
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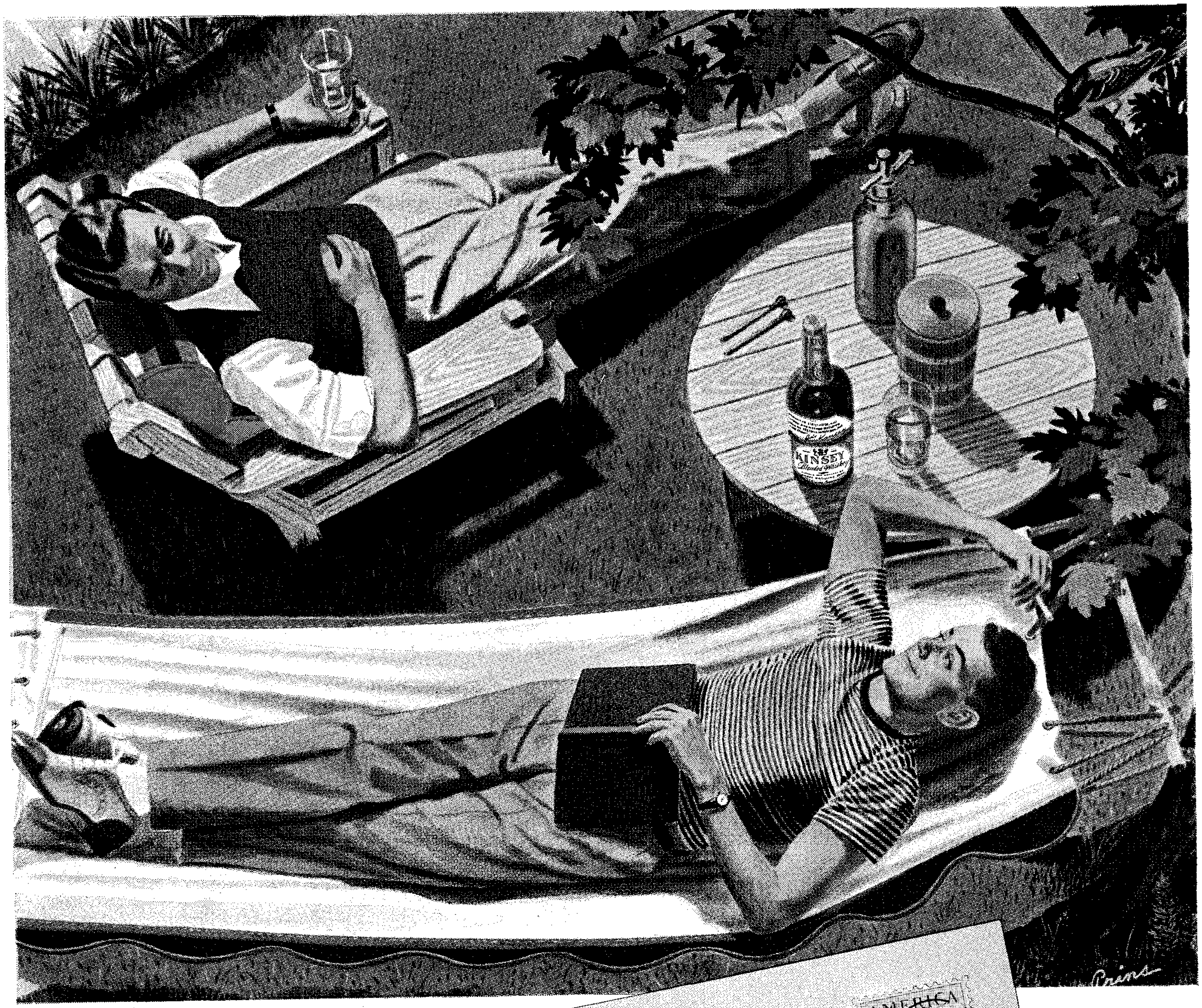

HAVING WONDERFUL TIME—
AS YOU KIN-SEY! (ha! ha!)

This bird's-eye view of our wartime vacation ought to inspire you to spend your holiday at home, too.

All you need is a good book, a companion, and a bottle of Kinsey—as excellent a whiskey as I've ever tasted. The book is not a "must," of course.

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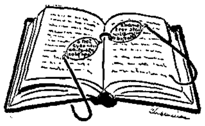
# BOOKS

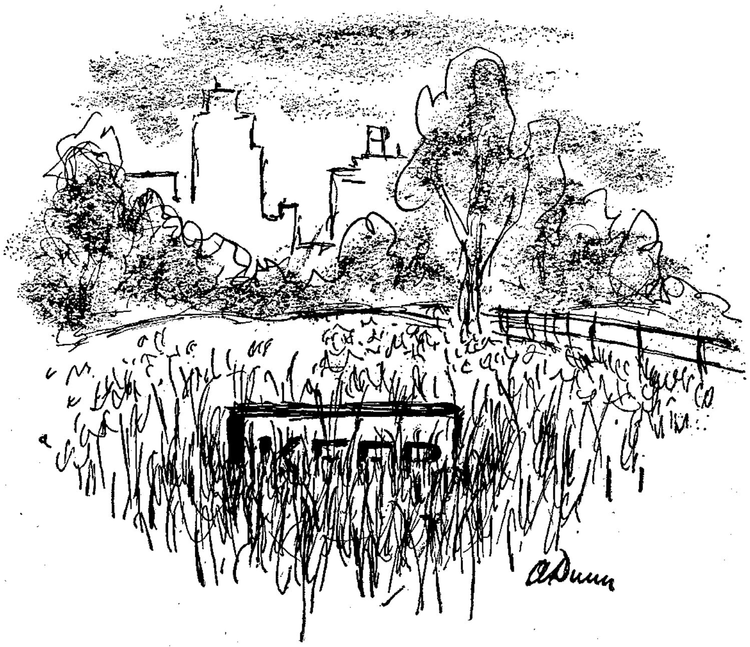
## *Where Casey Comes In*



Robert J. Casey laughs the loudest and sleeps the deepest of any man in the reporting business. When he chooses to stay awake, which he frequently does at unusual hours, nobody else can sleep within four miles of him in any direction. But when he chooses to sleep, nobody can wake him up, even by sitting on his stomach and playing a mouth organ, an experiment I have seen attempted. Incidentally, it is quite a climb onto Casey's stomach, for Casey, erect, follows his belt buckle at a distance of two paces. Before Casey laughs, he opens his gray eyes until they are as round as portholes. He then drops his chin forward onto where his waistline begins, which is one inch below his collar button, and shouts, "Ha!" The effect is almost irresistible; even people who understand no English laugh at his jokes. When he cries, which is often enough, for he is a sentimental man, he rubs his nose with the back of his right hand, and when he gets angry he crowds forward like a baseball umpire about to hit a player on the skull with a mask. Casey, however, does not wear a chest protector. He only looks as if he does. He fights with all his friends at least three times a day, and this means that he has a great many fights. All these traits help to make up a good reporter of what is sometimes called the old school, who must be pugnacious and sensitive and ingratiating and impressive and, above all, vigorous. Casey is in his middle fifties, but his legs and wind are sound.

Nobody who knows Casey would be surprised at his writing two books at once. A captain of artillery in the Other War, he probably is capable of writing in salvos. But there is a less prodigious reason for the simultaneous publication of "Battle Below" and "This Is Where I Came In," both put out by Bobbs-Merrill. Casey wrote "Battle Below," which is a book about American submarines, in the spring of 1943, but the Navy censorship refused to release it until June of this year. In the interim he had written only two other books. The first of these, "Such Interesting People," which appeared in the fall of 1943, has no place in this discussion. The second, "This Is Where I Came In," was finished just in time to share a publication date with "Battle Below." The explanation of Casey's low production in the interval is that in addition to writing books he was covering the last phase of the European war. He was, in fact, more than covering it. He was swarming all over it.

Casey was in France as a correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News* in September, 1939, when it looked as if General Gamelin had half a mind to invade Germany. He was still in France when the German Panzer divisions infiltrated the French defenses at Longwy, near the Luxembourg frontier, in May, 1940. In September of 1944, Casey once more stood on a hill near Longwy and saw German tanks leaving France in a great hurry, as part of a whipped army. That is how he got the title for "This Is Where I Came In." Between Longwy and Longwy, he had reported on, as he says in this book, "the retreat out of Paris, the endless bombing of London, the repetitious slaughter of the Malta convoys, Libya, Ethiopia, Crete, Pearl Harbor, the Coral Sea, Midway, Guadalcanal, New Guinea, the Solomons, Tarawa, the Aleutians, the Philippines, North Africa, Sicily, the buzz bombs, the air war over Germany, the destruction of the Luftwaffe, the miracle of D Day, the hecatomb of the hedgerows, the scientific massacre of von Rundstedt's Seventh Army." The Pacific regions in this list are covered in other Casey volumes. This one is just about Europe. The hecatomb phrase, by the way, is a good sample of Casey taking it big. I like him better when he is taking it smaller, which is most of the time.



There are two extreme positions among journalists writing about the war. One is that of the writers who know everything, because that witty girl Madame Chiang Kai-shek told them years ago what would happen (I forget her first name, but they never do), or Winnie did, or Ike or Gen. "Gen" is short for General de Gaulle. In a related group are the writers who didn't even have to bother to look at the war, because, like the fellow who didn't go to "Oklahoma!," they knew what it would be like—had known, in fact, since the repression of the Austrian Social Democrats in 1927, or Britain's failure to cry halt to the Japanese in 1931 (or write your own ticket; almost any past event will do). At the other end are the resolutely naïve, or oh-gawd-ain't-it-awful boys, who are always finding themselves in the midst of colossal, stark, meaningless slaughter while cold sweat and lice run dead heats on their spines and they long for the smell of tenderized ham frying in Granny's neat white kitchen in a town where there is a good afternoon newspaper. Casey belongs in neither of these categories. He sometimes boasts that he never wrote a "think piece" in his life.

In the days when he was working up to big assignments on the Chicago *Daily News*, reporters were supposed to be knowing but not omniscient. He would be justly insulted, however, if you called him simple. He understands much about the part of war he can see and he is constantly trying to learn more, just as if he were working on the story of a gang massacre or a four-alarm fire. For this reason, I think, he risks being underrated. There is no one truth about war: a battle is different for every man engaged

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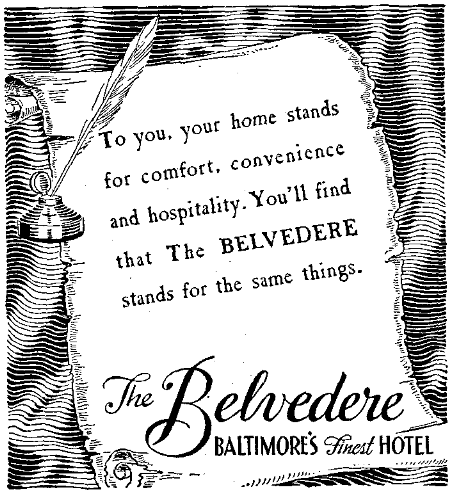
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in or watching it. Casey's version is neither ugly enough nor sufficiently cerebral to please "serious" critics. But if you went to a war you might think Casey was right.

Ernie Pyle hated war. Casey is fascinated by it. This does not mean that he likes war, any more than he liked the gang killings or the fires. But he prides himself on odd bits of information he has collected about it. If you happen to be in the open with Casey during an air raid, for example, you must *never* say, "Let's get out of the way of the shrapnel." He will tell you that *there is no such thing*. "Hasn't been since the Civil War," he will say. "You mean shell fragments." Meanwhile, the stuff will be clunking down all around you. Approaching a crossroads under artillery fire, he will order his jeep stopped and gravely regard his wrist watch while he listens to the enemy artillery. "Firing three-gun salvos at regular fifteen-second intervals," he will say, "resting one gun each time." If you believe him and start across the road in the "safe" fifteen seconds, you are likely to wind up in a basket. His specialized lore shows to the reader's advantage, however, in a description, in "Battle Below," of episodes like the British destroyer's depth-charge hunt for a German submarine off the coast of Portugal in the fall of 1943. Casey was on the destroyer, but he could visualize the scene aboard the submarine, because he has submarined, too. He could also imagine the terror and puzzlement of the fishermen who lived along the shore, running down to the sands to strain their eyes for some hint of what was going on. "It must have sounded to them like an important naval battle," he writes. "And it would be difficult for them to figure out why they could not see the flashes of heavy guns." Casey could picture that because he had gone through similar nights on the Dover Cliffs, when every untoward noise out in the Channel might be a presage of an invasion.

For a couple of months last summer, Pyle and Casey and about forty other correspondents, including myself, lived in the press camp at Vouilly, near Isigny. Casey lived in Tent No. 1 and Pyle in No. 2. Every day these two would go their different ways and come back with their different stories, and both of them were right in their different ways. The difference between them was physiological, for one thing. The Elizabethans would have said Pyle was of a cold, dry humor. Casey was of a hot, moist one. Also, Casey, who was ten years older than Pyle, worked within an older convention. In the period of American reporting when stars like Irvin Cobb and Frank Ward O'Malley and Edwin C. Hill and Lindsay Denison were models for the new men, a disaster was the archetype of the Big Story. Star reporters worked almost exclusively on murders, earthquakes, floods, cyclones, railroad collisions, and conflagrations (a fire that was less than a conflagration was covered by ordinary hired help). Disaster reporting has a convention as rigid as bullfighting. First you get the essential facts and plant them square in the middle of the picture, slapping on a good bright coat of description so the reader will know it damn well *is* a disaster. Then you squiggle human interest along all the margins. The human interest is what marks the expert. It is the human interest that, in school-of-journalism terms, "makes the reader remember the story." It is the reporter's signature. Just as there are good, bad, and indifferent bullfighters, all bound by the protocol of the ring, there are good and bad disaster reporters. There are, though, *no indifferent* ones. Indifferent is one thing a disaster reporter cannot be. He must be excited all the time and keep the readers excited. Casey is one of the very best, and he reports the war as if it were the Triangle fire with a dash of the St. Valentine's Day massacre.

If Casey had covered the story of the airplane that hit the Empire State Building, he not only would have done a good straight story but he would have found a man who had walked down sixty flights of stairs and then had had to run right back up again because he had left in his desk drawer the wedding ring with which he was to be married in the Municipal Building that afternoon. And the story would turn out to be true. Casey never fakes; he finds. I was with him the day the Eighth Division took a French town called La Haye du Puits. He lifted some photographs out of a dead German's pocket, arranged them in what was clearly chronological sequence, and made a fine story out of them—the development of a Nazi officer almost from the egg. "The earliest [photograph] showed him as a rather obnoxious-looking kid in a sort of Boy Scout costume. The evidence of the pay book showed he had been thirteen years old." The last snapshot in the series "displayed him in the trim uniform of a lieutenant, apparently on the day of his graduation from an officers' school. That apparently had been the great day of his life. He was smiling." And Casey's

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story ends, "I put the photographs back . . . Franz Ritter continued to stare up into the wet gray sky." All I could find to do in the town was talk to a Chinese private from Pell Street and cop a couple of cognac glasses. But I have since read a long piece, by someone else, about the taking of La Haye du Puits which indicates that it was pretty horrifying. It also illustrates what I meant about a battle's looking different to different people. Casey's palette, I think, is a trifle strong and bright. But he uses it as honestly as any correspondent I know.

WHEN a star reporter writes a book, a third element goes into it, along with the central catastrophes and the marginal human interest. He can tell what he did and how he felt while he worked on the story. I think that is the most important element of Bob Casey's "This Is Where I Came In," because he comes through clearly—shrewd, sentimental, crotchety, and full of odd tags of information. It is the element that is missing in "Battle Below," and its absence makes it, to my taste, a less attractive book. "Battle Below" is full of exposition about submarines, but I never liked *Popular Mechanics*, or even Jules Verne. It is also full of good stories about the deeds of American submarine crews, but they are good stories at second hand. Casey didn't share the adventures he here recounts. It would, of course, have been impossible for any one man to have lived through them all. Casey did manage to make twenty-five dives on submarines and went on practice runs with them, so he has his background down well, but for my money Casey is best at sea level, where he can let off steam.

—A. J. LIEBLING

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

BENEATH THE STONE, by George Tabori (Houghton Mifflin). One of those intelligent thrillers full of quiet, highly civilized horrors, with an unexpected denouement. A young Englishman on a mission parachutes into a Nazi-occupied part of the Balkans and falls into the hands of a neurotic German officer and a sadistic member of the Gestapo who has devoted years to collecting incriminating evidence against his prisoner. The piecing together of the facts in the Englishman's dossier, done with a toneless objectivity, makes an almost unbearably painful

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"Bursting with rage and wit, this biography crackles and flashes from end to end. Mr. Woodward deserves a salute, for he wields the sword of justice—and, oh boy, does he swing it!" N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW

"This biography, rediscovering for its citizens one of the great men of America's history, is one of the year's major events." CHARLES LEE, PHILADELPHIA RECORD

"Paine's adventurous career is made to read like the romance it was." BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB NEWS

"A lively, well-documented, and extremely readable biography." THE NEW YORKER

"The book will be read because it is interesting." ORVILLE PRESCOTT N. Y. TIMES

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**We beg to nix a maxim**

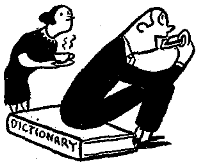
MAXIMS AND capsule-sayings are fine and estimable things.

But every so often, one of them turns out to have a pink note in it. Like this one: "Expectation is always better than Realization."

We found a hole in this fine maxim years ago. We came upon this aperture through a cheese, of all things. This particular cheese is called "Liederkranz," after a famous old New York State singing society. And what a cheese!

Words can't convey its superb, golden, well-rounded flavor. You have to try it yourself—after which Expectation can go stand in the corner.

For Liederkranz is *utterly distinct* from all other cheeses! However good you *expect* it to be—*it's better!* It's mellow as the note of a silver flute. It's robust and velvety-smooth and ... what's the use?



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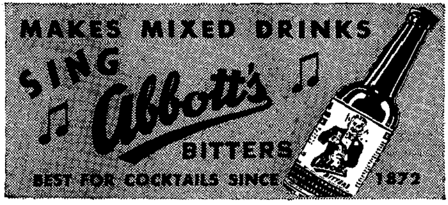

story, which, however, is too padded to be completely effective.

WITH SIRENS SCREAMING, by Ernest Booth (Doubleday). As a straight chronicle of a merciless legal system, this story of an unwitting mistake that tears apart the lives of two decent young lovers and lands the man in prison for life will probably hold your interest to the end. Mr. Booth, who the jacket blurb says is himself a pardoned lifer, has a nervous, lively style and the good taste to stick to his narrative without pointing any obvious moral.

CHILDREN OF THE COVENANT, by Richard Scowcroft (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Scowcroft might have written quite a novel if he had seriously probed the before-the-war dilemma of a young Mormon elder who returns from abroad to his home in Utah full of the zeal of his fighting, pioneering forebears and finds nothing to fight or pioneer about. As it is, the author never gets to the root of the ill-educated, sex-bewildered brother's confusion and the novel turns out to be no more than a painstaking genre picture of a particularly unlovely small community.

"E" COMPANY, by Frank O'Rourke (Simon & Schuster). A sentimental chronicle, mostly on the sunny side, of a company of fine young Americans, first in training at an Alabama camp and later fighting in North Africa. Although it wrings the heart to speak ill of a work of such earnest patriotism, this is, unfortunately, a foolish little book.

THERE WAS A LADY, by Sarah Litsey (Bobbs-Merrill). What is called summer reading should, as everyone knows, be well insulated from the disturbing world of ideas, but this week must establish some sort of record. "There Was a Lady" probably offers as little intrusive tax on the intelligence as any of the crop. Mrs. Litsey's pastel story is about a beautiful, mysterious stranger, no longer young, who comes to a small Kentucky town and by her kindness and goodness affects everybody's life in one way or another. It will not be easy to avoid gagging over the sentimentality of this familiar tale.

## GENERAL

SILVERSIDES, by Robert Trumbull (Holt), and U.S.S. SEAWOLF, by Gerold Frank and James D. Horgan, with the assistance of J. M. Eckberg (Putnam). Now that the story, or part of the story, of our submarine warfare can finally be told, it is certainly being told. It's quite a story, and, since it hasn't yet been rubbed thin by constant retelling, both these books contain all the drama, tension, and excitement any reader who likes drama, tension, and excitement could want. Some readers might want better writing, on the theory that a heroic exploit is no less heroic for being told in literate prose, but perhaps they should just be considered unreasonable. Anyway, the underwater fleet is in.

BASS FISHING, by Jim Gasque (Knopf). The author, who has spent thirty years at the sport, treats both the large- and small-mouth varieties of bass in a full and respectful manner. Besides the usual tips on tackle and when and how to fish, he takes up such special subjects as inducing the growth of fish food in bodies of water as a means of increasing the underwater population, and how to get close to a watchful and farsighted bass. Color plates and photographs.

## MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE LOST CAESAR, by Ruth Fenisong (Doubleday). The New York police tackle the somewhat trying problems of Mrs. Robert Ivors, a handsome woman who is having trouble with her business, with Mr. Ivors, who is a nasty type, and with the corpse of a blonde in a bedroom. A former fiancé, who comes along apparently just to complicate things further, gets involved in the confusion. The loose ends are finally tied up, and very plausibly, but you may wonder whether it was worth all the effort.

•

Wartime emergencies prevented our securing a water cooler and so we humbly apologize for having no drinking water in the lobby.

The town bell and the furniture in Jopolo's office are by courtesy of Mrs. Stacy Rankin.

The Yellow Springs Opera House contains, among other things, the fire siren. In case it should go off during tonight's performance it will probably be no more than a local conflagration. Please keep your seats.—*From a program of the Yellow Springs (Ohio) summer theatre.*

Keep them until they get hot, at any rate.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK
[*From the National Underwriter*]

During the first half of May, 1,140 claims were handled daily, being disposed of more rapidly than they were received.

maybe I'll find something better than what I've got. I probably will someday. I keep wondering and wondering what else I might be doing if I hadn't been in the damn war for four years. It's when I think that I'd be doing a whole lot better than I am that I turn to those want-ad pages." He laughed. "Anyway, I'm making that fifty bucks a week I started out for."

STONE'S job is buying stuff to fill orders that foreign firms place with his company. He also arranges for export licenses and figures out the best routings. So far, the work has been rather interesting. "We got an order the other day for some paint from Afghanistan," he said. "And I know for a fact that they're stuck for sewing thread in South Africa. A nice way of travelling without leaving home."

He isn't nearly as bitter toward civilians as he used to be. There are still times, however, particularly when someone from a rival firm beats him out in bidding for a scarce commodity, that he feels like telling his competitor that he hadn't been a combat man just to be given the short end by a home-front patriot. That impulse, he assured me, occurs less and less frequently. He can tell that he is slipping into a civilian routine, because he is writing less to his buddies overseas. "Not that we won't have plenty to talk about when we meet up again," he said.

In a few years, Stone thinks, the sharp line between the people who were in uniform and those who stayed in mufti will disappear. Then, he figures, everybody will be trying in much the same way as everybody else to get what he's always wanted—a decent deal. For example, he says, a postwar depression may be one means—a tragic enough one, to be sure—of driving home the fact that everyone is in the same boat. "Yes, civilians are all right," Stone said vaguely, as though talking to himself. He looked up abruptly and grinned. "Listen to me, will you?" he said. "I wonder who I think I am, talking about them that way."

"Well, who would you say you were?" I asked.

He was silent for a moment and then smiled engagingly. "I'll tell you who I am," he said. "I'm a civilian now, just like yourself." —DANIEL LANG

●

5—THE BALLAD AND THE SAUCE (ROSAMOND LEHMANN)—*From a list on the book page of the Boston Herald.*

Sounds awfully rich.

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Start while you're young to establish a *habit* of beauty that will remain bright and shining through the years . . . don't take for granted that fresh bloom of girlhood . . . resolve to make it last . . . so in maturity your mirror will reflect a lovelier you. Begin now with Elizabeth Arden's routine for youth . . . keep your skin scrupulously clean, braced, supple . . . use makeup keyed to your life and your looks . . . the investment of a little care now will bring you tremendous dividends in years to come.

**CLEANSE** with Ardena Cleansing Cream, or, if your skin is oily, Ardena Fluffy Cleansing Cream, 1.00 to 6.00

**BRACE** with Ardena Skin Lotion briskly patted on, .85 to 15.00

**GUARD** with Ardena Velva Cream, 1.00 to 6.00

**MAKE UP** with Ardena Featherlight Foundation, 1.00 Illusion Powder, 1.75 Eyelash Pomade, 1.00 Bright Lipstick, 1.00

**PRETTY YOUR HANDS** with Hand Lotion, 1.00 Nail Polish, .75 (All prices plus taxes)

Elizabeth Arden

and announced that there weren't any towels to be had. As the men were leaving the place, one of them nudged Stone and said, "A hell of a note when a veteran can't even get the stuff he needs to keep himself in business!" Stone noticed that the other fellow was wearing a discharge button too, and asked, "Where'd you get hit?"

"Who got hit?" the man replied.

"Oh, well, how did you get the points?" Stone said.

"What points? Who got hit?" the man replied. "They gave me a medical discharge three months after I got in. But what's it to you? I was ready to risk my life for my country, wasn't I?"

"Sure, sure," Stone said. "You and your draft board."

Stone told me that he had got a kick out of running into this fellow. "There he was," he said, "with his little gold button, exactly like the one I had on. He and I knew the Army difference between ourselves, but we were in civilian life now, and as far as everybody else was concerned we were the same—a couple of veterans. He made me remember the rear-echelon outfits overseas and how browned off I used to get when I'd come out of the line for a few days' rest and see them with their comfortable billets and getting first crack at PX cigarettes. Not that I've anything against them. Don't get me wrong. They had a job to do and I might have been one of them myself if the Army had shuffled me differently. Still, I thought to myself, after that afternoon trying to buy towels, when those fellows come out they're going to look exactly the same as that guy at the textile place, and the same as combat veterans—all in civilian clothes, with those little gold buttons. I figured everything was going to be nice and mixed up. After I met that fellow, I saw all over again that there's a deal to everything, whether you're in uniform or out of it. The thing to do is to take care of yourself and make out as well as you can and forget the prima-donna stuff. That towel fellow came in handy for me."

The job was killing Stone's legs, but he was determined to stick to it until something he really liked came along. He did for a month, and then a friend told him of a fairly decent opening with an exporting firm. That's the job he has now. He has been with the firm for nearly three months and thinks he will stay on it for a while. "Sometimes," he said to me, "when I'm looking through the paper, I turn past the sports pages to the want-ad section, thinking that

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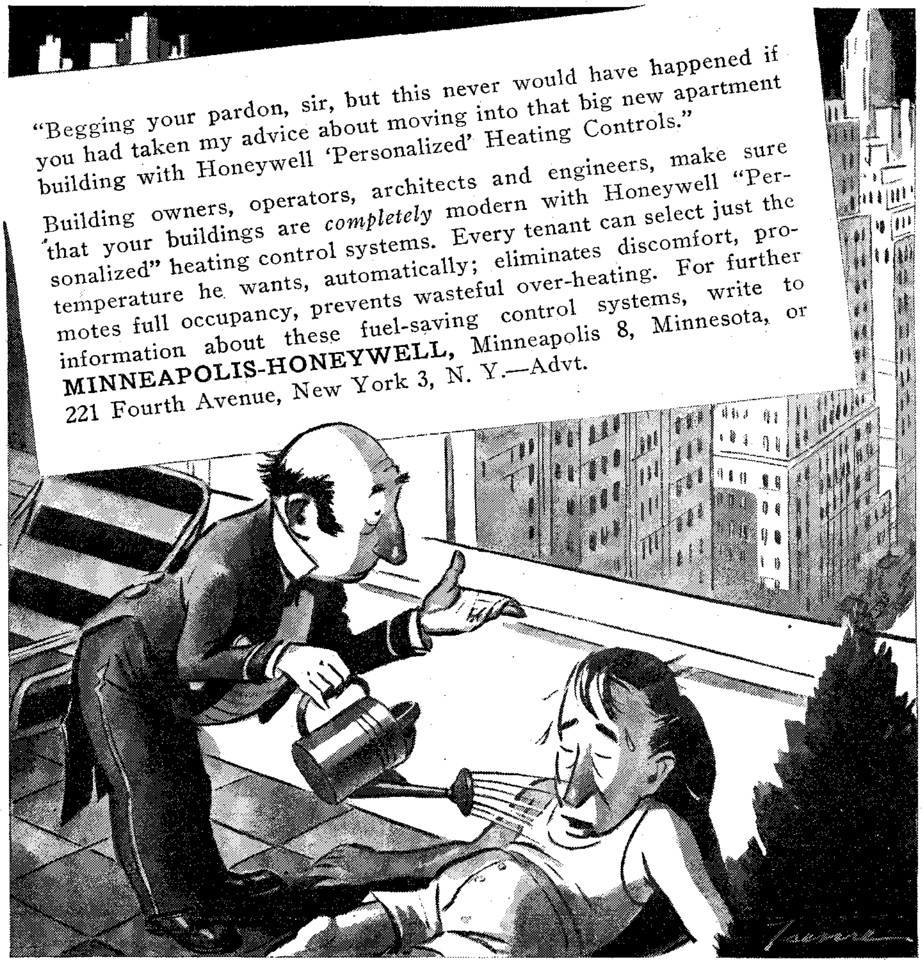

"Begging your pardon, sir, but this never would have happened if you had taken my advice about moving into that big new apartment building with Honeywell 'Personalized' Heating Controls."

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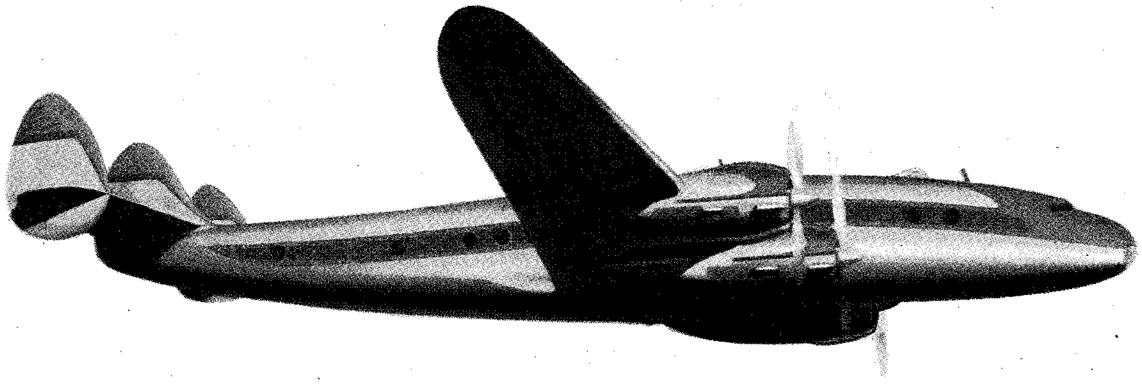

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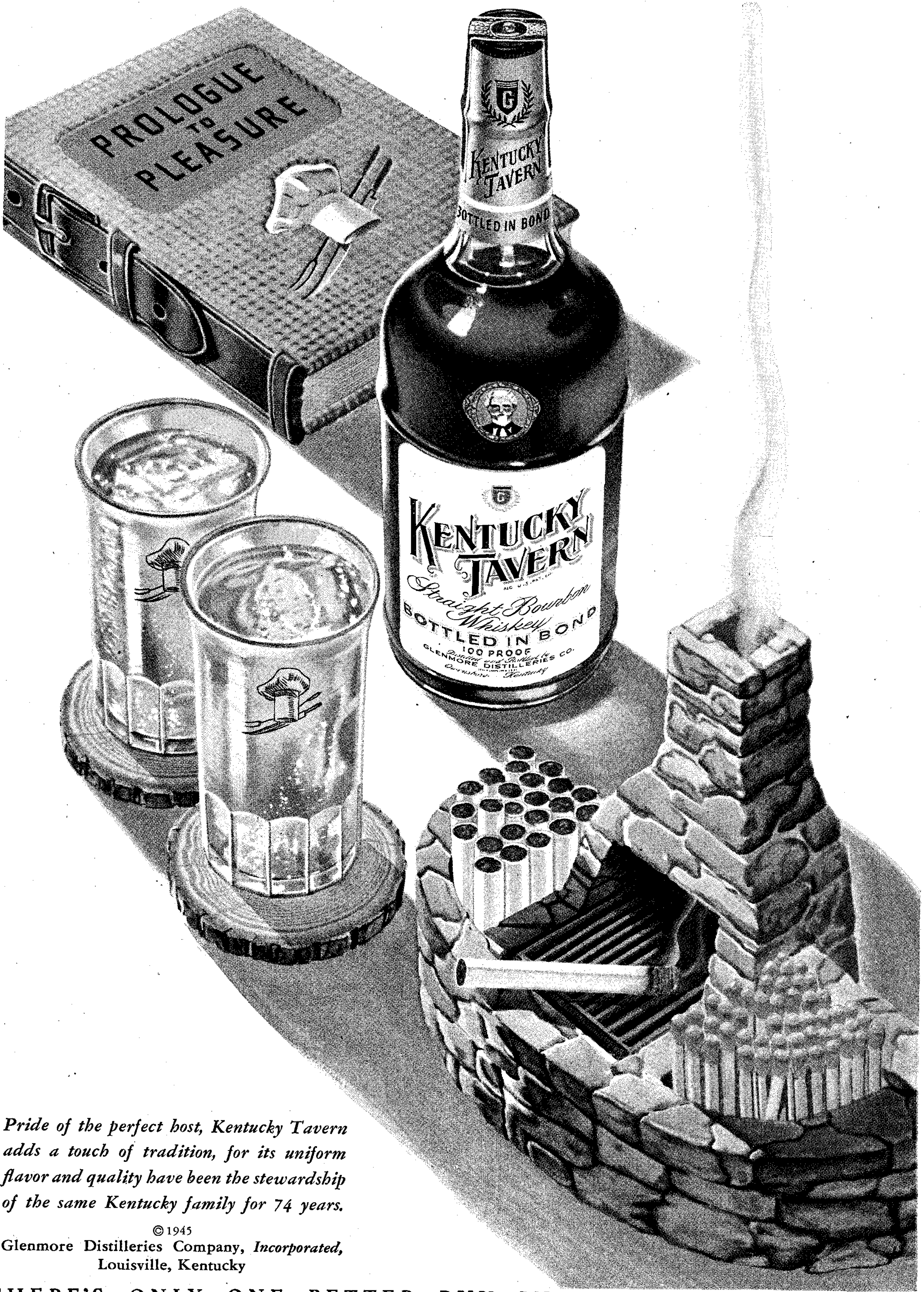
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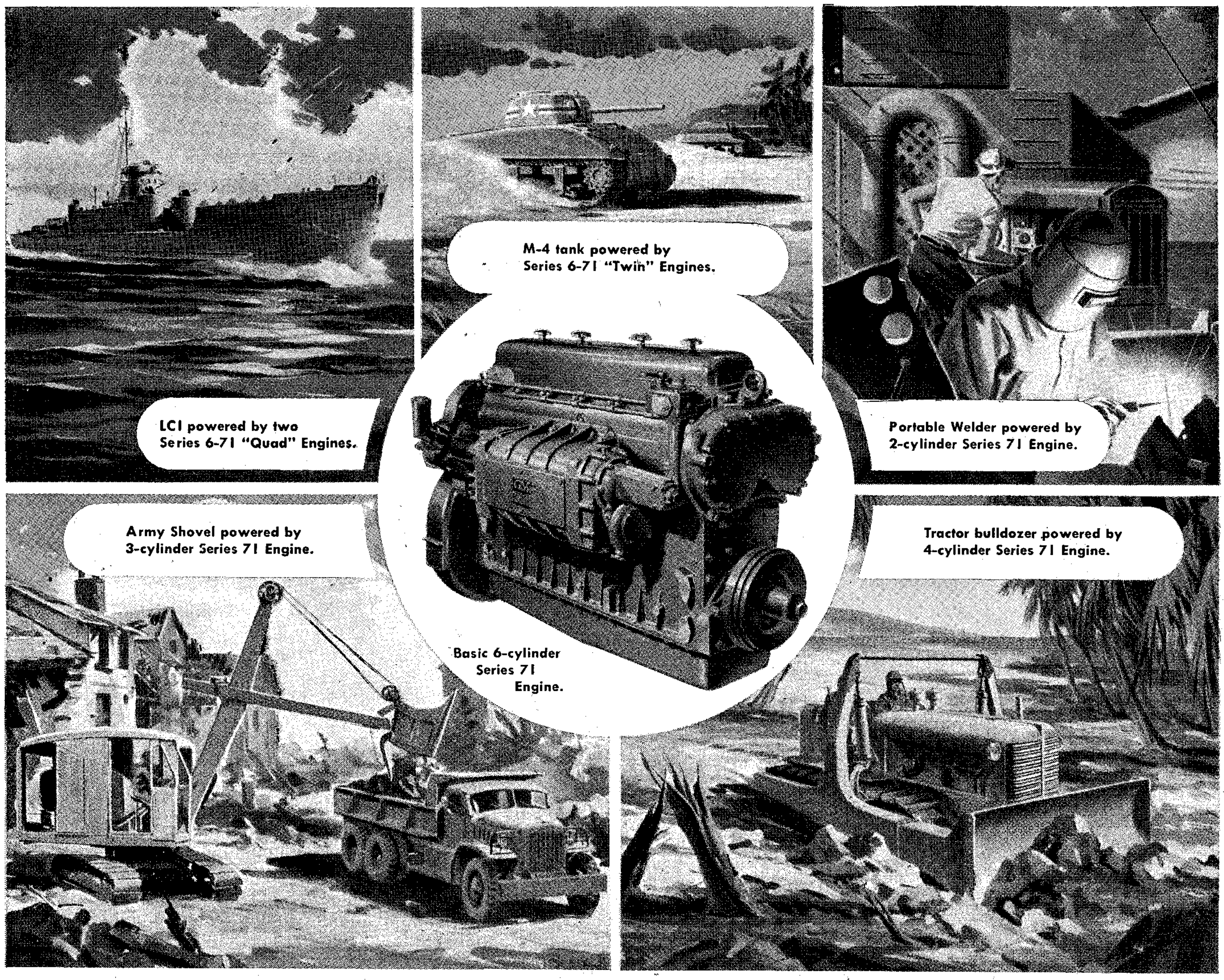

LCI powered by two Series 6-71 "Quad" Engines.

M-4 tank powered by Series 6-71 "Twin" Engines.

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Army Shovel powered by 3-cylinder Series 71 Engine.

Basic 6-cylinder Series 71 Engine.

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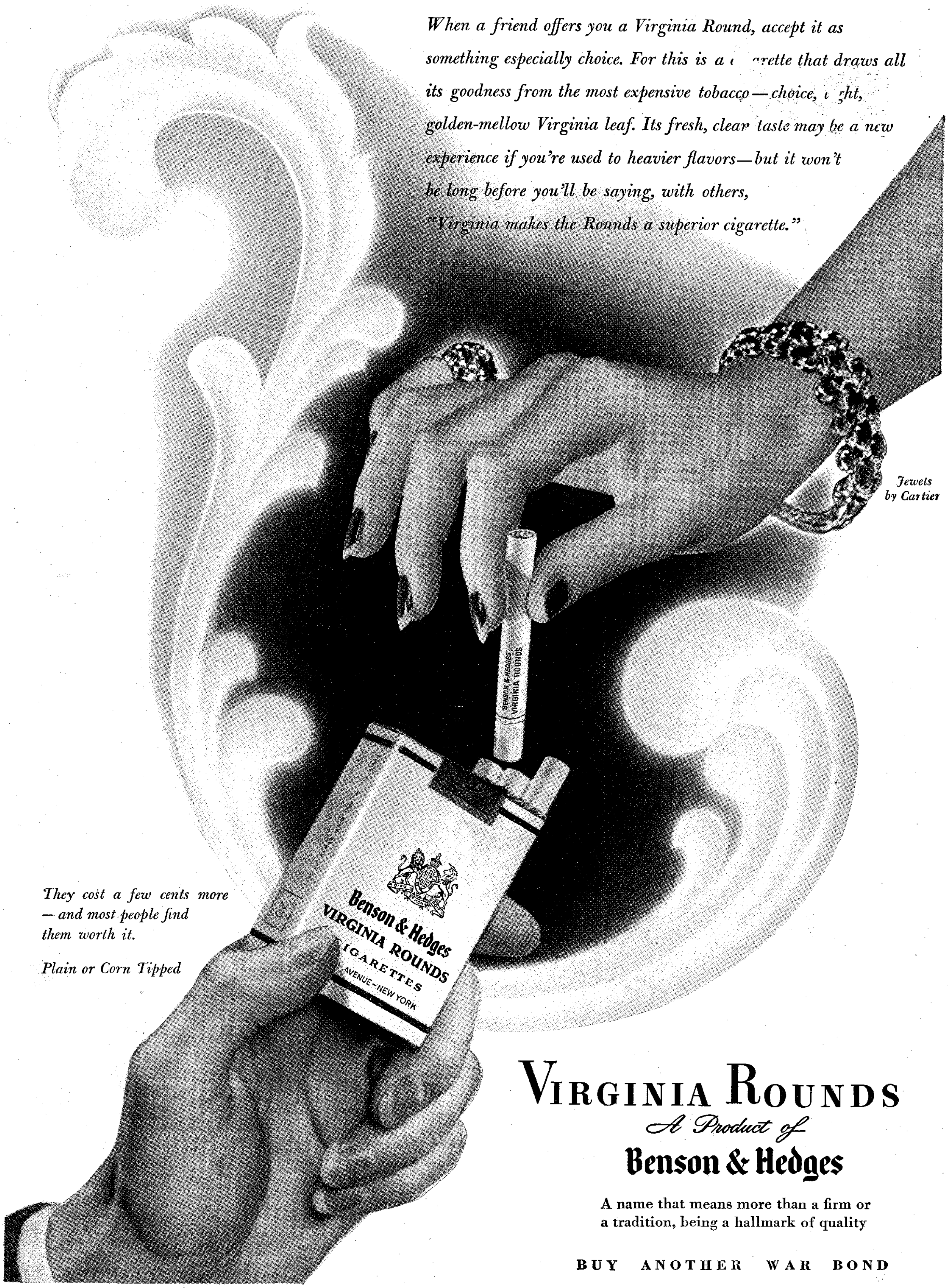
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